

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## ENGLAND COULD HAVE A NEW COUNTY

### NEW YEAR'S FIRST PEACE MOVE

#### FRANCE AND ITALY ACT

**A Welcome Pledge of Peace  
and Good Neighbourhood**

#### NEW HOPE FOR EUROPE

It is good news to all the world that France and Italy are drawing nearer together, and the Pact of Rome is one of the first stones laid in the Temple of Peace which we may hope to see built in 1935.

Tired of all the talk of war, the nations are turning their thoughts more and more to the possibilities of working together in friendly cooperation, and Signor Mussolini and M. Laval have made an admirable beginning in the fine old Palazzo Venezia, which dominates one of the great squares of Rome.

#### Colonial Problems Adjusted

Ever since the war there has been friction between the two countries, and at one time Europe was much alarmed by the ridiculous talk of wild men about an Italian march on Nice and Monte Carlo. It was startling for ordinary people suddenly to realise that such talk was possible; but it is one more evidence of the danger of ill-feeling between the nations.

All that is now over, and France and Italy have come to realise how much they have in common, and have agreed to work together for the good of both and for the general welfare of Europe. They have agreed not to interfere by violence in each other's internal affairs, to consult together if the independence of Austria is ever threatened, and to adjust certain colonial problems that have always bothered them.

These colonial problems concern Africa, and the result of the agreement is that Italy receives two pieces of territory from France—an area south of Libya skirting the Tibesti region and including two important wells—and a strip in French Somaliland, which includes a share in a railway linking the Abyssinian capital with the coast.

#### The European Agreement

It is hoped that as far as the European agreement is concerned it will be possible to extend it by persuading other countries to sign, and Signor Mussolini stresses the fact that the agreements arrived at are in no way directed against anybody, but have been made with the hope that they may serve to widen the horizon of European life "so as to rescue us from the distress in which the peoples have been plunged too long."

It is hoped that Germany, among other nations, will join in this pledge of non-interference in the internal affairs of European nations, and we may look forward to happy developments from this first great peace move of 1935.

### Boys and Girls, Come Out To Play



Schoolboys playing Rugby near Kew Gardens



Schoolgirls playing netball at Leeds

### WHY NOT RECLAIM THE WASH?

#### A NEW POSSESSION FOR ENGLAND

**Vast National Work Waiting  
To Be Done**

#### RENNIE'S OLD SCHEME

The Dutch are reclaiming the famous Zuyder Zee, and much of the splendid work is already done. Mr Alan Chorlton, M.P., urges us to tackle the Wash in the same spirit of national enterprise.

Indeed, why not? The Wash has an area of about 300 square miles. The County of Rutland measures only 152 square miles. So we might, in effect, add a nice new county to England.

The Wash drains the rivers Ouse, Nen, Witham, and Welland. It is really an extension of the Fens.

#### Started By the Romans

The Fens were tackled two thousand years ago by the Romans, and much work of importance has been done on them since. Dutch engineers were long ago brought in to drain the fenlands, and our own famous engineer Rennie framed a scheme to divert the four rivers in a new common outlet, and to turn the Wash into dry land.

The large bend of the coast between the mouth of the Welland and the outfall of the Nen is all reclaimed land, and so is the area called Wingland to the east of the Nen. There are large banks, the most striking being Sutton Washway, two miles long, constructed by the famous engineer Thomas Telford, and sea-banks built by the Romans can still be seen well inland.

#### In Medieval Days

Altogether it has been estimated that over 330,000 acres have been added to the soil of Lincolnshire either from the sea or the fen since the Norman Conquest. In medieval days there was much traffic into England by way of the Wash, and if a great effort were made not only would a wide area be available for the farmer but the mouths of the rivers could be easily safeguarded from silting up, the shifting sandbanks would cease to hinder navigation, and the rivers would be accessible to shipping of deeper draught than today.

Such a scheme of reclamation would be a much smaller affair than tackling the Zuyder Zee or the Pontine Marshes.

We live in times when it is necessary to apply surplus labour to new work. Here is new work. Let the Wash be again examined, and promptly, by engineers of eminence. It is our duty to discover whether the big area of land reclaimed, and the fruitfulness thereof, would be a sufficient recompense for the capital and labour involved.

How often have we gone to war for a much less precious possession than a new county would be at our own doors!



## WORK FOR MILLIONS

### PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT FINDS A WAY

#### Public Schemes To Set Idle Hands Moving

### REMARKABLE PROPOSALS

President Roosevelt has begun the New Year in a spirit which shows that tenure of power has increased rather than reduced his intense devotion to the national cause.

The President faces up to the situation like a man, and does not conceal the fact that in spite of all he has done there are still more than five million unemployed in America.

#### To Meet the Whole Problem

He announces that he is going to propose measures vast enough to meet the whole problem. He divides the figure into two parts, declaring that 1,500,000 must be dealt with locally, as hitherto, but that the remaining 3,500,000 are to be the care of the whole nation, the Federal Government assuming full responsibility for setting them once again on their feet.

The nation is not to treat these unfortunate citizens as merely deserving of charity. It is their manhood that is at stake; and so work in which they can take a pride, and in which the whole nation can take a pride, is to be found for them during the next nine months. Forests are to be planted, water-logged areas are to be drained, roads are to be constructed, and thousands of houses are to be built to replace slums and ensure the agricultural worker an adequate home.

In addition to this great programme of work a series of social services is to be instituted to give a sense of security to the workers. In the past America, with its high wages and ample employment, has not felt the need for State insurance and old age pensions.

#### A Thousand Million Pounds

Mr Roosevelt is going to ask Congress to pass measures which will give security against the hazards of life. He realises that the rush of wealth to America has flowed in too narrow a channel, with the result that there is an over-privileged class possessing unfair power over the great majority, who are under-privileged. This gap is to be closed, not by the methods of Socialism, but by a fairer method in which the profit motive still holds good.

The President assures the employers who have vast numbers working for them that the wages which the State will pay will be a little less than those which they offer, so that labour will not be withdrawn from the great national industries.

His scheme will of course cost a fabulous sum, perhaps a thousand million pounds; yet the wealth of America is such, and the confidence in the future so enthusiastic among her people, that the nation can face this financial burden without flinching.

#### A Challenge To Others

The different schemes will need great organisation, but organisation and a readiness to scrap old methods and adopt new ones have long been characteristic of our energetic cousins across the Atlantic, who have apparently found a leader worthy of the best that is in them.

This attack by the world's leading statesman on the world's greatest problem will resound as a challenge to the leaders of older lands, and we look forward to some echo of it nearer home. President Roosevelt has realised the folly of paying men to be idle when it is possible to pay them for working, and the whole world will watch with deep interest the development of his plan.

## DR MACKAIL, O.M.

### A High Distinction

#### LOVER OF THE TRUE AND BEAUTIFUL

Among those the King delighted to honour on the first day of the New Year was Dr John William Mackail, on whom he conferred the Order of Merit.

Dr Mackail has many letters after his name indicating his high achievements in literature, but he will place O.M. first among them in fact, as he and his learned brothers would do in significance. Unlike the Order of the Garter, of which a recipient once said that its greatest value was that there was no merit about it, this order is one of merit, and nothing else. It is conferred only on those who, by their services to literature or philosophy, art or science, have deserved well

### Junior Ministers of Transport

Mr Hore-Belisha has appointed every boy and girl reader of the C.N. a Junior Minister of Transport. This is what he says in a gramophone record he made the other day for Sound Distributors:

**I** WANT you to do something for me. I want you to teach your parents to be as careful on the road as you are yourselves.

You know, of course, that it is wise to look before you leap—that is, to see if there is any traffic approaching before leaving the pavement. If you do not look you may be run over, which would be letting me down, because you would no longer be able to do what I am asking you.

Why do you think I have put the beacons up? In order to remind you of what I am now telling you; that is, to be careful. Never cross a road except where there is a beacon, or a traffic light, or a policeman. Tell your mother and father to do the same, for if there is anything worse than being killed yourself it is to have your mother or father killed. Now, as all drivers are required by law to slow down in order to give you a safe passage over the crossings you will see at once that very few people would be killed if everyone made a point of crossing at the crossings and nowhere else. So henceforward you are all to consider yourselves as Junior Ministers of Transport, working with me to save life by exercising care and courtesy.

of their fellow-men. Even Herbert Spencer, who disdained all such prizes, might have been persuaded to accept it.

The life of Dr Mackail has been given to classical researches which have no claim to popularity, but which, besides winning the admiration of scholars, have been conducted with a true understanding of the part the study of ancient culture should play in moulding thought and feeling.

But this devotion to classical studies has never cut him off from modern life and ideas. He has been a good fighter in the cause of education, a close student of Shakespeare, and the biographer of William Morris. He is a poet besides, and nobody has more constantly proclaimed with greater public effect the doctrine of the True and the Beautiful, wherever they may be.

### If You Want Peace, Stop War Supplies

## AN AFRICAN IN THE HONOURS LIST

### BISHOP CROWTHER'S SON

#### Once a Messenger To the Cannibals

#### NOW O.B.E.

Perhaps the proudest man in Africa just now is the 90-year-old African Archdeacon Dandeson Crowther of Nigeria, whose name appeared in the New Year Honours as an O.B.E.

This fine old African has been an Archdeacon of the Church for nearly 60 years. His father and mother as children were both rescued from slave ships and sent to a mission school, and his father later became the first black bishop in Africa. How proud Dandeson was of his father, and how devotedly as a young man he journeyed up and down the Niger River with him, when often they went in danger of their lives!

Once a Chief seized them both and had them held as hostages, sending a message to the British Consul that he would only release them if trading were established with his tribe. The Consul himself went to the rescue of the bishop and his son; and, although he succeeded in getting them safely to a boat on the river, he himself was struck by an arrow and died before he could reach home.

#### Safe Return

Once Bishop Crowther wanted the Christian message taken to the people of Okrika, who, it was believed, still practised cannibalism, and he sent his own son Dandeson as messenger, though he knew he might never return. Happily the ferocious people welcomed him, and he preached to them for four days and nights, and then returned safely, laden with gifts. That was 55 years ago. Now the Okrika people have a fine church of their own, built with their own money.

Archdeacon Crowther now has charge over nearly 500 churches in the Niger Diocese. A year ago he had to travel to London for an operation to his eyes. In spite of his great age he made a quick recovery and then took the first boat back to Africa. "There is so much for me still to do," said the old man, and although he has had another birthday since then he is still doing it with all his strength.

## ALMOST LIVING MAGNET

### It Can Hear

An instrument which can hear and record the strains put on a steel bridge has been shown at the College of Science and Technology.

The invention rose out of the hydrophones, or sounders, which are towed behind ships to ascertain among other things the depth of the water. A sound wave from the ship is echoed from the sea bottom and is recorded on the sounder, and the time taken by the echo to reach the instrument gives the depth.

Dr F. D. Smith and Mr C. A. Luxford of the Admiralty Research Station at Teddington, while investigating one of the methods of echo-sounding, thought of a new use for it. When the sound-wave echo comes back the slight pressure of the waves alters the magnetic quality of a piece of iron in the instrument. This enables extremely small measurements to be made and recorded.

The new use to which the inventors put these extremely small magnetic changes was to insert their tell-tale piece of magnetised iron in a steel structure. Then the slightest disturbance of the structure would be recorded by their iron magnet as delicately as if it were a sound wave.

If the steel structure were a bridge the record would be so sensitive that the slow changes in the steel produced by the passage of a heavy load would be noted and recorded.

## THE LAST OF THE THREE

### Woodhead, Cook, and Lumsden

### THE GIRTON PIONEERS

To the tune of the British Grenadiers were sung the exploits of "Woodhead, Cook, and Lumsden, the Girton Pioneers."

Three brave bold pioneers of education were they—Miss Woodhead, Miss Cook, and Miss Lumsden, the first three pupils of Miss Emily Davies, founder of Girton College, Cambridge, to sit for their Little-Go and then for their Tripos.

#### A Momentous Morning

Miss Cook became Mrs C. P. Scott, wife of the Manchester Guardian's famous editor; Miss Woodhead became Mrs Corbett; Miss Lumsden became Dame Louisa Lumsden, LL.D., and it is her death at 94 which recalls the Girton Pioneers. She was born on the eve of 1840; she died when 1935 was three days old.

It was when she was 28 that she read of Miss Davies's project to give women the same university education as men; and in October 1869 she and four other pupils started their college life in a hired house at Hitchin. A sixth joined them, and then three left, and Woodhead, Cook, and Lumsden carried on. Dame Louisa was the last of the three left to tell us of that momentous morning when Miss Davies sat knitting by the fire, anxiously waiting with her pupils for the Tripos papers the examiners had promised to send over (in secret, of course, for nothing had yet persuaded the higher authorities that academic distinctions could be decently given to women). It transpired that all three were found worthy of an honours degree, and the excited young women celebrated by ringing the bell on the roof of their house so vigorously that the fire engine turned out.

#### An Excellent Speaker

The world moved on, and in the end, when Girton College was built, Dame Louisa was appointed its first woman classical tutor. She passed on as classical mistress to Cheltenham Ladies College, and with the founding of St Leonard's School, St Andrews, she became its first headmistress. She was an excellent speaker, and, next to the rights of women, that which drew from her the most passionate appeal was the prevention of cruelty to animals. She was 79 when she made a memorable speech at Girton's jubilee, and she kept up her interest to the end.

Truly this vital Scotswoman was of pioneer blood, and she never betrayed it.

#### ROBIN REMEMBERS

"Our robin (writes a Norfolk friend), who had been missing since last spring, returned a week or two ago. He remembered his tin of food and flew on it directly I held it out."

This quotation from a letter reminds us of how Lord Buckmaster, champion of the birds, who died at the end of last year, once told the House of Lords of his intense joy when a robin flew on to his hand and perched there to sing a little song.

## THINGS SAID

Tuck-boxes are fast disappearing.

Headmaster of Tonbridge

There is some hope for an effort to get the public mind back to a simple idea like liberty.

Sir Ernest Benn

We have arrived at an epoch when art is respectable, and drama will soon be worth a penny on the rates.

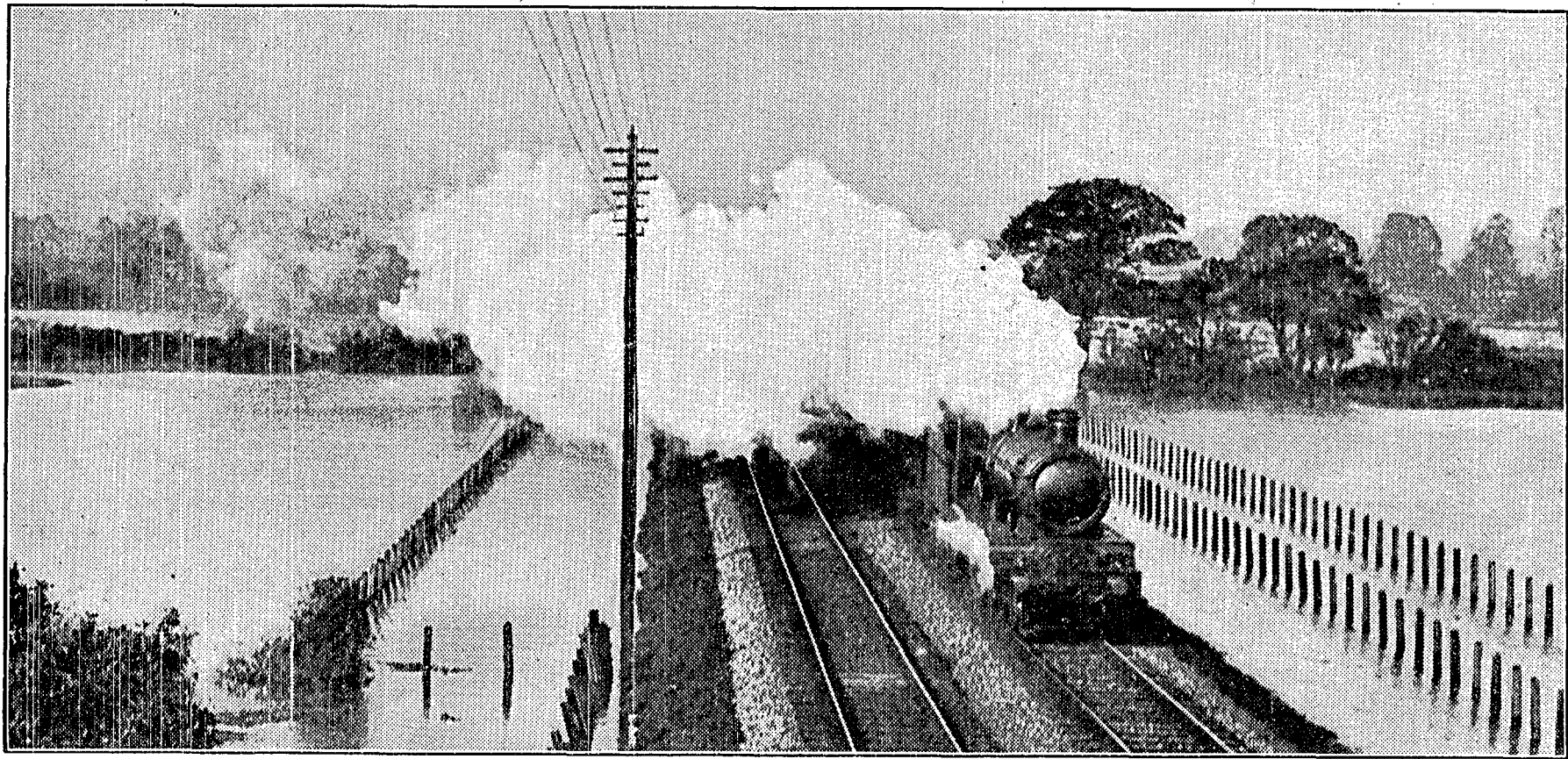
Mr R. A. Scott-James

Quiet lonely places, green valleys and fields, open spaces and shady woodlands, are an essential need of our national life.

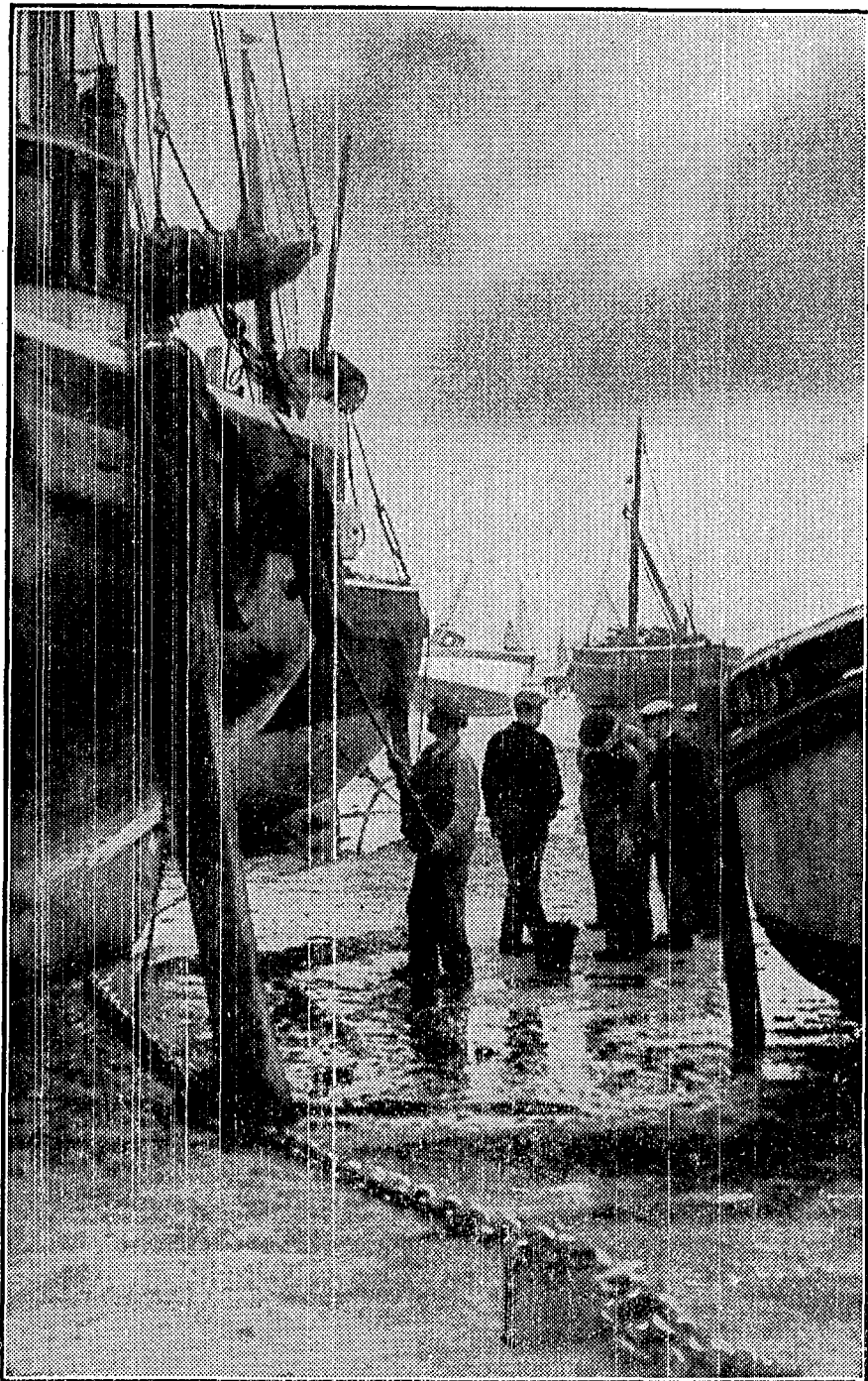
Mr Humphrey Pakington



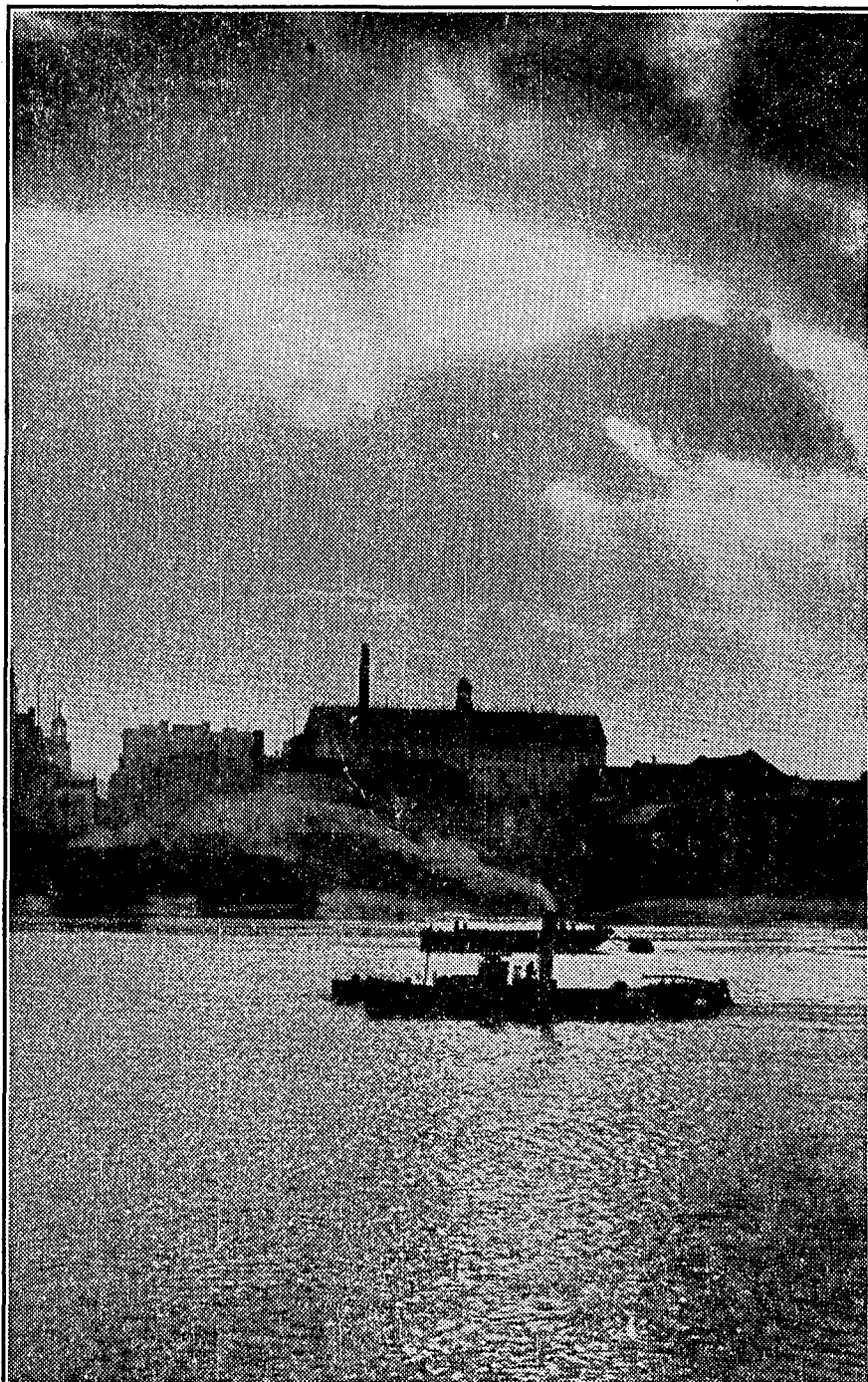
## FLOODS FOLLOW DROUGHT · A CORNISH HARBOUR · WINTER IN LONDON



Floods in Devon—One of the driest years ever known ended with one of the wettest Decembers ever known, and floods have been widespread. This picture shows the Cornish Riviera Express passing through Devon.



Low Tide at St Ives—A glimpse of the craft in the Cornish fishing port.



From the Editor's Window—January sunshine brings a gleam of colour to London's river.



## THE BLACKFELLOWS ADVENTURES AMONG THE ABORIGINES

### Why They Were Able To Manage Without Water

#### THE FIRST AUSTRALIANS

Mr Michael Terry has been giving to the Royal Geographical Society a story of his adventures in search of minerals in Western Australia.

Speaking of the deeply interesting Aborigines, of whom we in the C.N. hear so much from Mrs Daisy Bates, he found the Blackfellows as a rule in small bands of up to half a dozen.

If left alone, or made to appreciate the privacy of a white man's camp, they are not antagonistic. The only instance of friction Mr Terry came upon was near Sladen Waters in the Rawlinson Range. Here, on a night in October 1932, two natives rushed into camp and were in the act of spearing Mr Terry and his friend when the camel boys saw them and gave such howls of terror that they were themselves apparently frightened and deterred from their purpose.

#### A Bond of Good Intent

It was near here that the travellers Hanson and Smith disappeared in 1931, probably done to death; police sent out to investigate did not run the culprits to earth, so perhaps in this area the Black-fellow thinks he can attack with impunity. But this must not be taken as typical of the whole of the tribes. Mr Terry found them friendly and only too anxious to lead him to water.

Water does not seem to be an invariable need of the Aborigines. The party had this illustrated while following up a small party near Mount Farewell. When Mr Terry caught them up they had been four days during warm weather without drink, were not carrying anything to hold water, nor were they in any hurry to get to a supply. They existed on the moisture from yams, a succulent tuber widely spread in the locality. The old native head of the yam party performed a memorable ceremony after he agreed to take the travellers to a rock-hole.

Solemnly holding his spears at arm's length, he approached Mr Terry's head boy, who was also carrying spears, and without a word exchanged his weapons with those of the boy. This is an ancient custom of peacemaking, for by such an interchange, it is held, a bond of good intent is established. In their own words, "Him all same brother now, can't fight, good fellow longa me."

#### One Protector or Three?

Since 1920 an Aboriginal Reserve has been declared amounting to 65,600 square miles. The boundaries are determined by 75 miles west of the 129th meridian, 150 miles east of it, 146 miles north of latitude 26, and 146 miles south of it. The portions in the three States of Western Australia, South Australia, and Central Australia are under the separate authority of the Protector of Aborigines in the State concerned, and just recently the Central Australian portion has been extended 40 miles farther north to include the Ehrenberg Range.

All this is good to know, but perhaps it would be better, as Mrs Bates has urged so often, that a single man should have the care of the Aborigines.

#### 1000 MILES IN A TRAIN

Twelve hundred Scouts, all under 14, are looking forward to the spring, for then they are to make the first Scout Rail Cruise.

From King's Cross they will travel a thousand miles in a train which will have a tuck shop, kinema, gymnasium, dining-saloons, and a medical staff.

The journey will last eight days. Most of the travelling will be by night so that the days may be spent in sightseeing.

## Who Knows Anything?

Professor Einstein has confirmed the belief in his greatness as a mathematician by acknowledging that he may be wrong.

The mathematics of his Relativity theory seemed at first to imply that space was curved, not continuing in straight lines but returning on itself, so that, just as a man going round the globe would return to the spot from which he started, so a ray of light sent out into space would travel round a spherical universe and return to its point of departure.

This would imply that the Universe itself was a sphere and would therefore limit it. Another mathematician, De Sitter of Holland, who has just passed away into that infinity where all things may become known, worked out the Einstein equations to such effect as actually to give a figure for the dimensions of this unimaginable sphere. But both jumped to an unjustified conclusion.

#### An Expanding Bubble

Before a mathematician can say that space is curved he must know in which direction it is curving. Einstein now declares that this is impossible to tell, and consequently it may not be curved at all. In other words, *space is as likely to be infinite and without end as to be finite.*

The astronomers, like the mathematicians, present to us the picture of a universe always expanding, with offshoots of spiral nebulae composed of stars all flying from our own Milky Way whose structure is like their own. In this picture the universe which contains them all is like an expanding bubble; but no mathematician, however profound, and no astronomer, however his telescopes may widen his vision, can ever know the limits of the bubble.

If they attempt to reckon it their own bubble bursts. Well may we begin to ask ourselves, thinking of all these mighty calculations and theories, *Who knows anything?*

## CARDINAL BOURNE OF ENGLAND Westminster Cathedral in Mourning

With the passing of Cardinal Bourne England loses a good man who did many good things.

He was a Prince of the Roman Catholic Church, and his simple and honest devotion to it never conflicted with the love of his country or a rightful perception of her feelings, her needs, and her position in Christendom.

The great crowds who came to stand by the bier as he lay in state in his cathedral of Westminster were a recognition of his spiritual eminence and his influence among those whose religion was the same as his own; but the sincere tributes offered from every side to his character and memory were no less evidence that Englishmen of every shade of belief recognised in him one who was steadfast for law and order, and never shrank from putting forth the English point of view to the highest authority of his Church.

He was not born among the great: he died as one of them.

## A NEW OPPORTUNITY FOR ITALY?

Hemp, now made into sacks and rope, is to become a useful material for the clothing trade.

In Italy, where there is a great lack of native raw materials, chemists are reported to have invented a process of transforming hemp into a fibre resembling cotton.

The new fibre is said to be almost like fine cotton, and to be usable in precisely the same way.

If this is true Italy will find it unnecessary to import cotton, for she can readily produce plenty of hemp for the new process.

## THE LEAGUE IN 1934

### Many Good Things From Geneva

#### AN ENCOURAGING YEAR AFTER ALL

The Old Year was a testing period for the League of Nations and it is conceded that it strengthened its position.

Always we have to remember that the League has to reconcile the differences of nations brought to ruin by war and embittered by losses.

As a set-off against the resignation of Germany and Japan it has been strengthened by the entry of Russia, Ecuador, and Afghanistan. It is hoped that Germany will return. America draws nearer.

Last year, in addition to dealing with the Saar question, the League settled a dispute between Colombia and Peru over Leticia, the territory going to Colombia.

The Chaco dispute between Bolivia and Paraguay has persisted, but an effort has been made to stop the supply of arms to the belligerents.

At Hungary's request the Council dealt, to the satisfaction of both parties, with serious incidents which had occurred on the Hungary-Yugo-Slavia frontier. The League Council also decided to set up a committee of experts to study the repression of terrorism, with a view to drafting an international convention.

#### Three Points

As to Disarmament, the negotiations between Germany, the United Kingdom, France, and Italy were continued during the first four months of 1934, without agreement, and the Bureau decided to limit its work to three problems: the establishment of the Permanent Disarmament Commission, the supervision of the arms trade, and the organisation of a system of budget publicity.

It was agreed that the agreements on these three points should be submitted for signature by Governments.

Many other matters occupied the League in 1934—the protection of the minority populations in States set up or increased by the war; the question of intellectual cooperation between nations; the financial help given to needy States such as Austria; the matter of international transit and communication; international health organisation; and the protection of women and children.

As to child welfare, the League's work has chiefly been directed to desertion of families, the welfare and education of blind children, educational films, institutions for delinquent and erring children, children in moral danger, and the effects of the economic depression and unemployment on children and young people.

## BLACK AND WHITE

### A New Event in Africa

We are delighted to note that there is a distinct improvement in the relationship between the white and black people who inhabit Africa. The territory of Tanganyika on the East Coast has set an example which may be followed with great advantage by the others.

The Bishop of Zanzibar has just consecrated a new church at Dar-es-Salaam which is dedicated to St Alban.

The total cost ran into £14,500, all of which has been raised by special donations. The Europeans have contributed about £2000 and the African Christians out of their poverty have also given a fairly large amount. The significant feature of this new church is that it will be used by Europeans and Africans together, a thing which has not happened before.

The Consecration Service was held in the two languages of English and Swahili, and the Europeans entertained the Africans to tea afterwards.

## THE GREAT TRADE PARADOX

### IMPORTS AND EXPORTS

#### Should We Have a Ministry of Supplies?

#### WHAT AUSTRALIA THINKS

An astonishing paradox is presented by the narrowing doctrines of trade.

All over the world British citizens have invested their money, to an estimated total exceeding three thousand million pounds. This is invested in foreign countries and in the British Dominions, Colonies, and Dependencies.

Interest from these investments by our citizens must take the form of imports of commodities. Australia can only pay us in corn, meat, or dairy produce, wool, fruit, or metal; Argentina in food and materials.

Today, however, all sorts of goods are taxed, or otherwise restricted, unless they come from Empire sources, and we have also the demand that even imports from the Empire should be cut down.

#### Rival Interests

Now to refuse imports is virtually to refuse payment. In 1936 a new Imperial Conference is to take place, and these problems will have to be discussed.

The British dairy farmer produces Cheddar cheese, and so do Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. The British farmer produces meat, and rival meat comes in from the Antipodes. Each interest has to be studied.

If we do not take Dominion goods the Empire is unable to pay us interest and unable to buy our manufactures, as are Argentina and India.

Perhaps the solution is to be found in setting up a Ministry of Supplies. We may thus come to budgeting supplies, so that each need and each source is studied scientifically.

#### The Barriers Condemned

At the Rome Institute of Agriculture Mr F. L. McDougall, the representative of Australia, pointed out that new countries, which depend on the export of agricultural commodities, could not visualise a world in which controlled production was the rule. He strongly condemned the barriers which have arisen since the war.

*Australia, he said, could not afford to wait while the older countries were planning their economic life behind closed doors.*

While sympathising with the determination of the more industrialised countries to preserve their agricultural life, Mr McDougall felt that extreme protection could not but result in poverty in the midst of plenty and in a lowering of the standard of life.

## TOO MANY CHARGES FOR THE SAME THING

### Nation and Cheap Electricity

Last year the nation used 113 units of electricity for every 100 units a year before; but the improvement is not big enough.

The Electricity Commissioners themselves point out how varied are the charges made for current in different places.

Not only are the charges varied, even in neighbouring areas; they are often too high. The public suffers from the existence of a host of large and small suppliers.

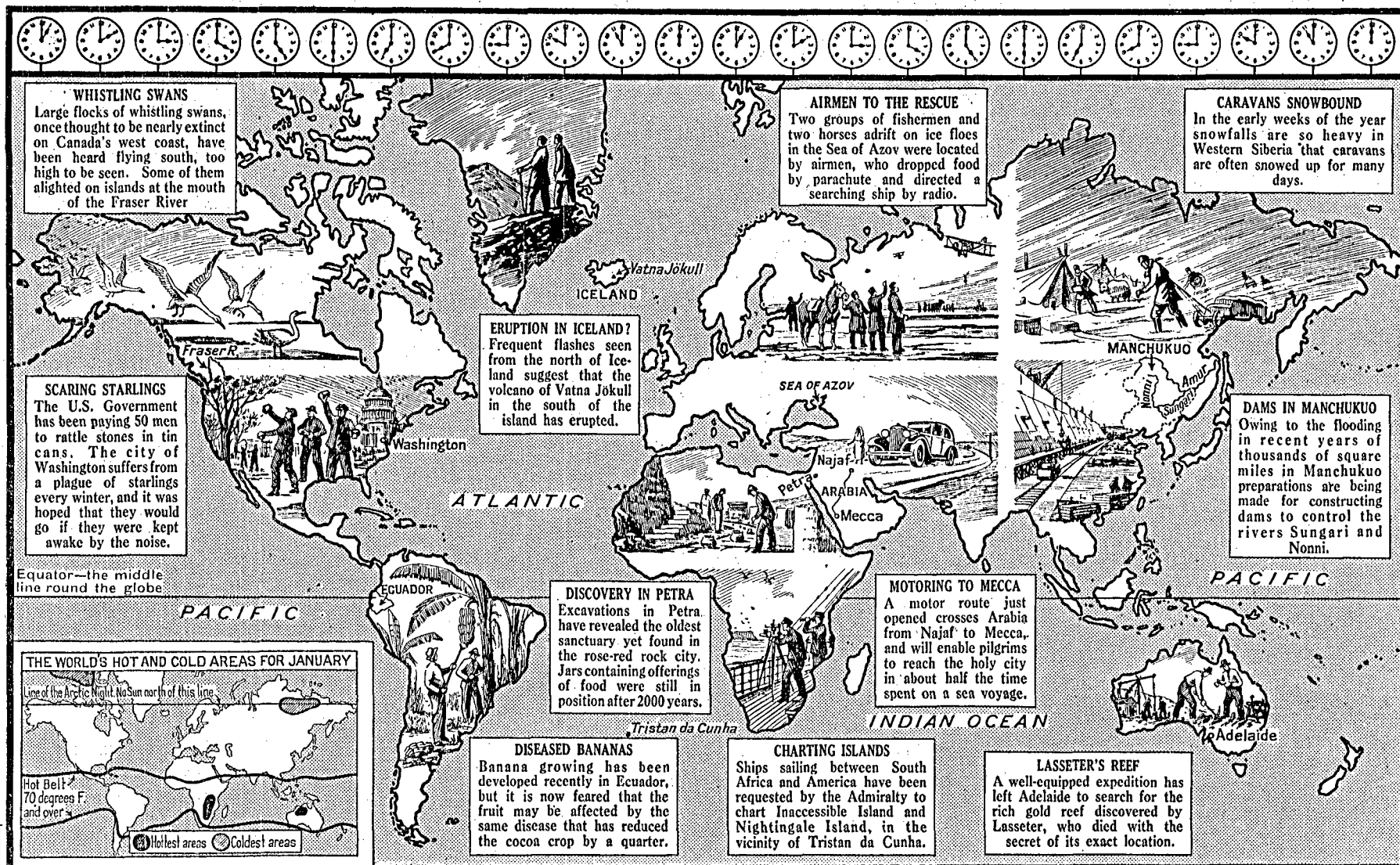
It is high time we all enjoyed the cheap light and power promised by the national generating system.

#### To All Kind Homes

Please ask your Butcher  
to use the Humane Killer



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## CANTERBURY RENEWS ITS GLORIES

### The Great Gateway and the Great Doorway

#### IDENTITY OF SIX KINGS

In Canterbury Cathedral over a thousand marble columns at the east end of the choir are to shine before men in renewed youth and beauty.

This is part of the work undertaken for the renewal of all the historic cathedral's glories by the Friends of Canterbury Cathedral, who can count 4000 names. There is other work to be done, the mere mention of which is enough to send a thrill through our minds.

The tomb of Edward the Black Prince was neglected for centuries, and though now treated with pious care some of the ravages of time have still to be removed. At some period the Prince himself as well as the enamelled shields of arms round the marble base of the tomb were covered with varnish, now black and opaque. Professor Tristram, who has recovered so many ancient monuments and paintings of our churches, is now removing the varnish so that presently the figure of gilded bronze will stand out in all its original splendour.

Mr W. D. Caroe is joined by Dr Tristram in completing the work on the great Christ Church gateway. The frieze of angels on the south front is being repaired, and the frieze of shields under the arch has already been made good, awaiting only the painting of the shields in their heraldic colours.

At the doorway of the cathedral is the famous screen of the Six Kings, and this, though happily its beauty is in no need of renewing, has received through Mr Charles Catten a renewal of knowledge concerning the identity of the six figures. They are in order, from left to right, Henry the Fifth, Richard the Second, who helped to rebuild the nave, Ethelbert, the kingly founder of St Augustine's, and Edward the Confessor. The two kings remaining are Henry the Fourth and Henry the Sixth.

## ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA

### Rising To Seven Millions

Australia has now advanced to a population of 6,662,554. This is the official estimate for 1934.

The figure is exclusive of full-blood Aborigines. We do not know why Australia thus excludes her natives, for no other country does it. The Australian bushmen are interesting fellows, and we believe they consist of about 100,000 people, which raises the total population to, say, 6,760,000.

The capital cities still contain about half the entire population of the continent, for their aggregate is 3,115,000. Sydney has 1,235,367, and Melbourne 992,048. It is one of the most remarkable distributions of population in the world.

## THE SUN AS COOK

Dr C. G. Abbot, who has been taking the temperature of the Sun for many years, is now trying to turn it into a domestic cooker.

Dr Abbot's apparatus employs a number of small mirrors so mounted on a frame with a turning axle as always to face the Sun. These gather the heat and transmit it through a number of tubes filled with oil and protected by vacuum jackets to a reservoir of oil.

In this reservoir are ovens which the collected heat will raise to a temperature sufficient for cooking, and a small tubular boiler which will generate steam.

At the Mount Wilson Observatory in California, where many of Dr Abbot's solar researches have been made, he has successfully employed this tubular boiler to raise enough power to work a small engine. It is said that he hopes to so increase the power and efficiency of his solar engine as to be able to drive a large one at a practicable cost.

The Nab Lighthouse, off the Isle of Wight, is to have a radio beacon.

The foundation-stone of Waterloo Bridge has not been found.

## COLOURS WITHOUT PAINTS

### New Idea in Toy Books

Coloured picture books in which the children apply the colours themselves yet do not handle paint are the latest novelty for young artists.

Colours without paint may sound like a riddle, but it is true.

Take the ABC book, for example. You see A for Apple and beside it the black outline of the apple, ready for its colour. Then you turn to the back of the book, where is a sheet of gummed paper coloured red. On part of the gummed paper the outline of the apple is drawn exactly as you want it, so all you do is cut it out and stick it into its place. Simple, is it not?

Of course there are books with much more elaborate ideas and different colours for all kinds of subjects, including the children of other lands.

These books and other marvels of gummed paper art, including a harbour with ships that move, and a garden containing lovely flowers in bright colours, will be seen at the British Industries Fair this year.

## HITLER'S LOOKOUT

### Gather Your Laurels While You May

If any should seek Herr Hitler's monument he need not look far about him, but will find it at no greater distance than Frankfurt-on-the-Main.

There, at Offenbach, a name closely associated with comic opera, rises the lookout tower of Great Adolf 137 feet high and weighing 500 tons. The idea is not new. A grateful country raised 537 Bismarck Towers to the commanding statesman whose departure marked the beginning of the end of the empire of the Hohenzollerns. But Prince Bismarck would never have one put up in his lifetime. Herr Hitler gathers his laurels while he may.

## PICTURE REFORM

### Shakespeare Film at Last

#### WAKE UP, ENGLAND

It is reported from Hollywood that Shakespeare is at last to be well and truly done as a film, with decorations, of course, yet Shakespeare, the true text, with Mendelssohn's lovely music, and produced by the famous Reinhardt.

We are promised a truly great picture, which is to "elevate the screen to artistic heights never before attained."

We hope that promise may equal performance, and in any case we congratulate the dreamer of this thing and hope we may be one day congratulating him as a producer.

At the same time we cannot help expressing our regret that, with Shakespeare as with Dickens, it has been left for America to show the way.

## A FARMER'S SUMMER HAYSTACKS

In some districts of New Zealand where periods of dry weather have to be contended with in the summer months the farmers make use of willow leaves as food for cows when the grass fails them.

"What do you think of my summer haystacks?" asked one farmer recently, as he pointed to a number of magnificent weeping willow trees on his dairy farm. He mentioned that a few years ago, when very little rain fell during the summer and his herd of 50 cows was badly in need of green feed, he kept them going for weeks on the food provided by the willows. For a time he had cut down the branches at the rate of about half a tree a day, and his cows had thrived well during the drought.

John Smeaton's birthplace, Ansthorpe Lodge, near Leeds, is to be demolished.

Between four and five tons of spring flowers from Penzance and the Scilly Isles are now arriving at Paddington each night for Covent Garden market.



# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 19 1935

## Every Family Its Own House

AN old saying tells us that an Englishman's house is his castle. We may bring the proverb up to date by saying that an Englishman's house ought to be a cottage.

The small self-contained homes of England, too few in number, have excited the admiration and emulation of many foreign observers. In Rome we have seen a garden city of charming little houses declared to be on the English model of a cottage for every family. Why, then, should we hasten to get rid of the cottage idea and to huddle our people into flats?

We know well that in the hearts of our great cities lurk grimy tenement houses, where many thousands of families live unhealthily. These people would obviously be better off if blocks of modern flats were erected near the present overcrowded sites. These blocks could be higher than the existing tenements, so that a small amount of open space could be left and roads widened. But even so should we be aiming at the best?

The answer is surely to be found in the efficiency of modern transport. The city can readily extend its borders, and form new habitations in the green fields. A short ride from the gloom, and, lo! we are out in the fresh air, with trees to comfort the eye and birds to enchant the ear. We can, if we wish, give the true joys of life to all our people. Those joys are not to be commanded in tall flats upon any income, large or small.

To each man his castle, to each family a garden, to each child a natural playground—in these things are to be found health and happiness.

We are all, even our reformers, in danger of submersion in town-bred ideas and town-devised expedients. That is why we see an attempt to change the English pitched roof into a flat surface bearing a "roof-garden." By all means let roof-gardens be formed where necessity compels it; but far better is a proper garden, which can be and should be given.

True gardens, where flowers and fruit and vegetables can be raised and recreation can be found, are not possible with flats.

As for the children, let us never forget that the flat is the deadly enemy of child life.

Why not a movement for giving every family a house with its place in the sun? It can be done and should be done, however pardonable the Flat Age may be in the meantime.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



### Our Splendid Estate

IT is to be hoped that this year we shall not wait for things to turn up, but proceed to turn them up.

Here and overseas we have limitless resources to develop. We hold them in trust. We owe it not only to the unemployed but to the world to use our splendid estate.

### Good News From the Mines

FIVE million tons of coal in a single week!

That is good news, for it tells of the best output from British mines for two years past. This occurred in one week of last month, and we hope the record will soon be beaten.

Unhappily only 770,000 miners were employed in that week, leaving some 300,000 idle.

### Why? Why?

A MOST amusing series of anecdotes was lately being told of British warriors carrying umbrellas into action. It was done, it appears, in the Crimean War, and we are even told that an umbrella figured in the Great War.

While we ourselves have never seen a soldier carrying an umbrella, we have taken note of the astonishing fact that the modern business man has adopted it, together with a bowler felt hat and a dark coat, as a uniform. No matter how fine the day or how promising the barometer, behold his umbrella! Young men and old all carry the dreadful thing.

Why? Will anyone tell us why? What comfort does it bring? What guarantee of respectability does it offer? Why should any man (or any woman) carry an umbrella if it can possibly be avoided?

### Wipe the Slate Clean

DURING the war camps with myriads of huts and miles of roads sprang up all over England, and after the war the huts were removed.

But not all. Here and there over Wiltshire and Hampshire we have seen ugly little shacks which remain, scattered higgledy-piggledy over a hill. Most have gone, but a few shacks can spoil a whole hillside.

At Morestead near Winchester are some of these horrid little buildings with the nettle-covered foundations of others which purchasers have not bothered to clear away. The trees the troops planted are delightful, and Nature has benignantly carpeted the roads with grass.

Why is it that we will not allow the ugly scars of war to heal properly? The graves of our ancestors all around Morestead camps are made green and beautiful with time; it is only our own neglect that spoils the landscape; We are the music-makers, the poet said; but we (or some of us) are the Ugly Makers too.

### Our Working Army

WE recently stated that more people were at work than ever before.

This is borne out by the latest official figures, which show that the number of insured employed was 10,248,000 last month. The average number of such persons in 1929, the best year known, was 10,219,000.

Nevertheless we still have over 2,000,000 unemployed.

### The Little Home

The earth may open, and the sea o'erwhelm:

Many the ways, the little home is one; Thither the courser leads, thither the helm, And at one gate we meet when all is done.

Beddoes

### Tip-Cat

NOW we can put our minds into our gardens, says a writer. Seeds would be more profitable.

A BOY says he always does his best to pass examinations. Must have a trying time.

SHIRTS of cork are being sold in America. Wearers, if in low water, will come to the top.

MOTORISTS must not sound their horns late at night. This does not prevent some of them from blowing their own trumpets.



ence usually thinks the sooner it is over the better.

A LITTLE girl who said she never saw a see-saw saw one when they took her to see.

ARTISTS have curious habits. Portrait painters are always making faces.

### THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

TWO missionaries have gone out to newly-discovered tribes in New Guinea.

TURKEY has agreed to pay all America's claims for war-time losses.

MISS E. S. PATERSON has given Paisley £7000 for a new lifeboat.

THE law forbidding Scout uniforms in Denmark has been repealed.

MR ROBERT McDUGALL has given two new areas of Dovedale to the nation.

### JUST AN IDEA

If things keep on going from bad to worse we shall soon all find ourselves only about five times better off than our grandfathers.

## MASTERING LIFE

### The Conquest of Despair

MR JAMES GILKEY, in his book called *You Can Master Life*, tells how William Prescott, the historian of Latin America, mastered his ruined life and made it a magnificent instrument.

A missile thrown in a college frolic when he was sixteen destroyed one of his eyes and injured the other. His life in ruins, he fought a losing battle against blindness and determined to become a historian. In a dark room he had the authorities read to him while he memorised and planned.

He dictated his great works and lived to produce sixteen famous volumes. He lived to be 63 and spent the last ten years of his life in complete blindness.

Then there was our own Arthur Pearson, who, after years of semi-darkness, became wholly blind in 1913. The war broke out, and Pearson devoted himself to the succour of our blinded soldiers. So St Dunstan's came into being and remains a monument to his devotion and courage.

A similar case was that of the great French writer Alphonse Daudet. For twenty years he suffered from an incurable disease and ceaseless pain; yet, subduing his agony with drugs, he wrote famous books.

### The Ministering Angel

By the Pilgrim

WELL, she has gone. We shall not see her standing at her window again, or looking over the garden gate.

Her house was in a quiet road, and a few doors away was a nursing home. Often, if you went down that quiet road, you would see someone pacing up and down the pavement, someone too anxious to sit or stand, too restless to stay at home or wait in the nursing home till the operation was over. Only those who have known what that kind of waiting is can understand it.

She understood it. She never went where she was not wanted; but often she would look out of her window or over her garden gate, and smile at someone pacing up and down the quiet road. She would have a word with them, and perhaps would fall into step with them, talking quietly and cheerfully. Then she would say, "I think the kettle will be boiling now. Shall we have a cup of tea, and you shall make toast."

It was her way of changing a thousand years into half an hour.

### They Thought Much of Themselves

IN the beginning, when the flowers were created, God made, last of all, a flower so beautiful that all the others acknowledged it Queen and gave it chief place in the garden, till at length the lovely blossoms fell so much in love with their own beauty that they shut the doors of their petal palaces in the face of the bees and would have nothing to do with anybody.

So they died, for they left no seed.



## WHO KNOWS ALASTAIR? A MEMORABLE PERSONALITY.

The Little Boy For Whom Toad  
of Toad Hall Was Invented

### WHAT BECAME OF HIM

Like Peter Pan and Cinderella, who come to life every Christmas, Toad of Toad Hall has been delighting us again.

Mr A. A. Milne gave us one of the best books of last year, his famous Peace book; but he has given us one of the best Christmas plays of every year, to say nothing of all the things he has given us for all time.

We wonder how many of the people who have been laughing at Toad during the holidays know the story of the little boy for whom Toad was invented?

One evening in 1904 Mrs Kenneth Grahame stood in the hall, ready in her evening cloak and gloves, and fretting because she was afraid she would be late for a dinner-party.

#### Told in the Night Nursery

"Where is Mr Grahame?" she asked one of the maids, who replied in the Wiltshire idiom:

"He's with Master Mouse, Madam; he's telling him some ditty or other about a Toad."

Every night the big man would slip into the night nursery to tell his four-year-old son a story, and for many nights it was a serial story about Toad. It might have been forgotten, like many another bedtime story, if it had not been continued by letter.

Kenneth Grahame was Secretary of the Bank of England, and could not leave London; but his son was sent to the seaside for a holiday, and the father sent him fifteen letters, chiefly about Toad. These letters began "My dear Robinson," because his son had decided that Robinson was a manlier name than Mouse or Alastair Grahame.

#### The Wind in the Willows

Alastair's governess kept the letters, and some years later Kenneth Grahame turned them into a book, *The Wind in the Willows*. Mr A. A. Milne turned the book into a play, and that is how we got Toad of Toad Hall.

But what became of the little boy who first laughed at Toad's adventures?

Alastair Grahame was buried on his twentieth birthday. He was an undergraduate of Christ Church, Oxford, and had gone for a solitary walk one night when, as he crossed the railway lines at Port Meadow, he was killed by a train. Yet, though he lived so short a life, Alastair Grahame, Kenneth Grahame's only child, was a memorable personality.

As a baby he had big calm eyes and dark curls; but he was a sturdy boy.

One day when there had been guests to tea he had run about the room so incessantly that his mother spoke to him about it afterwards. He said:

"I thought if I kept moving I might avoid being kissed."

#### Why is There Trouble?

Sometimes he said thoughtful things which startled his parents.

"Why is there trouble in the world?" he asked when he was but a baby.

Before he could read he said to his governess, "Death is Promotion."

She asked if his parents had talked to him about death, but they had not.

One day they passed a shop where there was a picture of the Carpenter of Nazareth.

"That is my friend," said Alastair. "He came to see me when I was ill."

Alastair had had appendicitis, but he got well. He was strong and handsome, happy and unselfish as he grew up.

When he was quite a small boy he wrote remarkable little plays and poems. His friends believed that he was going to be a brilliant man and leave the

## RAPHAEL'S CHERUBS

Since Raphael adorned the Vatican with the frescoes that are its glory thousands of people for hundreds of years have cast upward admiring eyes to scan them.

Conscientious tourists have striven to mark their every detail and professors and students have noted them down. It might seem that nothing in them could have been left unnoticed. But the camera, which misses nothing, has paid another tribute to Raphael's genius.

More than three centuries after his death it has disclosed four unnoticed cherubs, darkened by neglect, above two of the most famous of his wall paintings, *Jurisperudence* and *the Sacrament*.

So at last the little children come into their own.

## EMPTYING THE SLUMS

A very important point in the slum problem is the emptying-out of slum-dwellers while their new homes are built.

So far as may possibly be, cities should move congested populations to the outskirts. This cannot always be done, however, and the difficulty involved has to be faced.

The method of emptying the slums described by Mr Alfred Bossom, M.P., is this. Imagine that a group of 1000 slum-dwellers is to be rehoused. A building or group of buildings is prepared to house comfortably and properly, say, 200 people. This rehousing centre provides for a fifth of those to be rehoused, and so 200 of the 1000 are moved, making it possible to rebuild for 200 more.

## PLANTING FIFTY MILLION TREES



Planting Scots pines at Elveden in Suffolk



Lifting trees for transplanting at a nursery at Lynford in Norfolk

Fifty million trees are to be planted in Great Britain this winter by the Forestry Commissioners, making employment for about 3500 men. Here we give pictures of the work going on in East Anglia.

Continued from the previous column  
world a better place for his work. But, as he so strangely knew, Death is Promotion.

Let us remember Alastair, to whom we owe so much fun and laughter; and above all let us remember the honesty of the very beautiful but very human little four-year-old for whom Kenneth Grahame invented Toad.

A certain treat depended on his being good all day. Had he been? "Yes," said Alastair carefully; "but there was a good deal of vulgar eating and arms on the table."

He looked like an angel, but was a very real boy.

## A PAT ON THE BACK FOR JOHN BULL

### ACHIEVEMENT OF THE GRID

The Old Country Moves With  
the Electricity Age

### ALL ENGLAND COVERED

Punch recently had a cartoon of John Bull trying to pat himself on his back for having got through a critical year so well; and he deserves another pat on the back for what has already happened in the New Year.

New Year's Day was the day when South Wales and South-West England were brought into the Grid System, which now covers the whole of England and Wales and places its electricity within reach of all but just under two per cent of the population.

#### Current at Lowest Cost

It is a great achievement, the largest united system of electric supply in the world, conceived and carried out in seven years. The Spring of 1927 saw the setting-up of the Central Electricity Board, and the Spring of 1935 will see the linking-up of South Scotland, the last area to complete the £26,700,000 scheme.

In less than seven years 4000 miles of cables have been strung from over 26,000 towers, and 60 rivers have been crossed, including the Thames at Dagenham, where towers nearly 500 feet high carry a span of nearly 3000 feet. Three-quarters of the transmission lines operate at a pressure of 132,000 volts.

Instead of 500 generating stations, as there were before the Grid, only 135 are now needed; and as these are all linked they can help each other out when local demand is great or when a station breaks down.

Because the whole of our electricity supply is pooled in this way, only those stations which produce current at lowest cost need to be kept working when the demand on the pool is small; when the demand is great the more expensive stations come in to help. It also means that no station requires the plant to cope with the maximum demand, for when the maximum is needed the other stations help out. The saving in the cost of supply will, it is believed, pay for the maintenance of the Board.

#### Electricity on the Farm

No longer need industrial concerns dependent on big electricity supplies choose their site carefully, for local electric companies can also tap the Grid. This supplement to their own supply allows them to take on much bigger contracts than they would otherwise, and the industrial concern, wherever it is, can be served; wherever it is, that is to say, except for a small area in North-East England—the only district which has, so far, proved too big a problem for the Board, and it is hoped that this will not be out in the cold for long. It is reckoned that at least 5000 farms have already started using electricity for all sorts of purposes, from milking the cows to drying the hay.

It is a difficult thing to pat oneself on the back, and a performance perhaps best not repeated too often; but we think John Bull has a perfect right to the pat in this case. The Old Country is certainly moving with the Electricity Age.

#### LAND MUST BE USED

It would be ridiculous to reclaim marshes and allow owners of good land to neglect it.

We need not be surprised, therefore, that at Forlì, in Italy, the prefect has confiscated the land of a local landlord because he was neglecting it. The estate has been handed over to the management of the local Union of Farmers.

## THE SAAR AND PEACE

With the anxiety of the Saar territory out of the way it is to be hoped that France and Germany will enter on a new relationship. Here is what Dr Goebbels said in advance of the voting.

On January 13, the date of the plebiscite, a link of friendship will be forged between France and Germany.

With the Saar's return to Germany the last problem which has disturbed the peace between the two nations will have been solved. In the outcome of the plebiscite lies not only the friendly economic and political relations between France and Germany, but the peace of the whole world.



## FOLLOWING THE TRAMP SHIP

### New Idea For a School GEOGRAPHY WITHOUT TEARS

The story is told of General Gordon that he had a map of the world on the wall of his study on which he fixed pins to indicate the whereabouts of his old Sunday School scholars.

When they moved from place to place the pins which represented these boy friends followed them on their journey across the map.

It was a delightful idea, and something on the same lines has been suggested by our old friend Mr L. Brooks at a meeting of the Geographical Association.

The C.N. World Map still carries out ideas suggested by Mr Brooks in our early days, and an idea his pupils are carrying out today is also of great interest.

#### A Letter From Each Port

The idea we have in mind is that pupils of the school or class should adopt one of our tramp steamers and follow it on its journey about the world. The captain of the steamer sends a letter to the school from each port he visits during the voyage, and when at last the ship returns to the London docks the pupils travel to see the ship of which they have had a photograph on their classroom walls, and have a talk with the captain and officers about the voyage. Perhaps, too, they will have tea with the captain in his cabin.

It is a pleasant way of learning geography, for tramp steamers do not pursue set routes, but journey from port to port discharging and picking up cargoes to suit the needs of the traders. It may happen that a year or two may pass by before the tramp steamer returns to its home port; when the world is busy it may return only because repairs are necessary.

Mr Brooks tells us that the idea originated with Lord Sandon, who interested a firm of shipowners which allotted two of its ships to schools at Deptford and Westminster.

Lord Sandon was so keen on the scheme that he went to the Board of Education about it and was referred to the Geographical Association, which is drawing up a scheme to bring in as many schools and ships as possible.

## WAGES ON THE RAILWAY

### The Engine-Driver's £5

We are all deeply indebted to our railway workers, who carry on an occupation still fraught with danger, although the public suffer so few casualties owing to their care. What do these men earn?

We find the platelayers at the bottom of the list with 46s a week, the foremen earning 55s. At the top of the list are the engine-drivers and motormen, who average nearly £5. Firemen get 77s.

Traffic porters draw an average of 44s, but their earnings are more owing to tips. We suppose there is no help for it, but we dislike the tipping system.

Shunters do dangerous work, and they get from 57s to 67s. Signalmen get an average of 64s, but important men get more than this, which is the average of many grades. The men who take our tickets range from 57s to 62s.

Then there are the engineers. Fitters in locomotive departments earn 78s a week and labourers 55s.

One thing distinguishes work in the railway service from many other employments, and that is the chance to rise to big posts. The guard of today may rise to be stationmaster of a terminus.

Frankfort is to succeed Friedrichshaven as a German airship port.

More than 1207 million National Savings Certificates have now been sold.

## MR FORD AND THE WONDERFUL BEAN

### What It May Do

Henry Ford has turned his mind to the soya bean.

He sees a day when the beanstalk may climb to the tops of skyscrapers.

The soya bean is the wealth of Manchuria and feeds millions of poor people. In Pennsylvania it covers 5,000,000 acres. It is a substitute for rice. It makes paints and soaps and printing ink. It can be turned into oil and butter and cheese. But Mr Ford has found a new use for it.

On his 30,000-acre farm in Michigan he is planting it for its fibre, which will be treated with chemicals so as to produce a working material as light as wood and nearly as hard as steel. He will use it for his cars while obtaining from it as a by-product lacquer for varnishing the bodywork.

But this is only a small part of its destiny. He foresees a time when it will supersede bricks and cement and joinery for houses, and on its strong foundations will rise the superstructure (to which it will contribute) of the skyscrapers for which the new world is famous.

Some day there may be a monument higher than the Woolworth Building to the fame of Mr Ford and his soya bean.

## ROUND THE WORLD IN 2447 DAYS

### The Bottle Circumnavigator

A bottle has gone round the world in 2447 days.

Jules Verne's imagination did it in 80 days, Magellan's ship in a little over three years; and many have done it in shorter time in the centuries since. But the bottle may be said to hold a record of its own.

It was one of several sent out with a purpose by those inquiring persons whose business it is to study the currents of the ocean so as to discover the habits of food fishes. It was put out from a German barque halfway between Kerguelen Island and Tasmania, and sailing eastward on its long voyage drifted at last to the coast of Western Australia.

A bottle set adrift by our Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries in July 1933 has just come ashore off the Breton coast. Another, which started from Portugal, got to Cuba after floating about 4670 miles in two years. Another, dispatched from the American coast, made the journey to Ireland at the rate of 15 miles a day.

## NEWS FROM MAKOGAI

### Isle of Refuge For Lepers

It is pleasing to know that for a number of years Christmas and the New Year have indeed been a merry time for the dark-skinned people of Makogai.

Makogai lies well off the beaten track of ships trading about the Fijian Group in the South Pacific. It is over two miles long and under two miles wide, and supports 500 people, all lepers.

Natives from islands throughout the South Pacific are sent to Makogai, and thanks to the curative effects of chalmugral oil many patients have left the island cured.

For many years kind people in New Zealand, which is only a few days steam from Fiji, have sent shipments of Christmas cheer to the lepers. In the first year only six cases were sent, but for Christmas of 1933 there were 75 cases.

Cricket is popular all the year round at Makogai, and so bats, stumps, and so on, are sent in some of the cases. Many model yachts have also been sent, and these the islanders sail when the weather is fine.

Other gifts in recent years have been an organ for one of the island churches and several cinematograph films.

## THE R.A. ARCADE

### Shop Windows at Burlington House

### ELASTIC SUBSTITUTE FOR GLASS

Bond Street, Regent Street, and Oxford Street have taken possession of the Royal Academy, turning its galleries into arcades of shops.

Every article of luxury is displayed in them with a mixture of usefulness. Here is the complete kitchen, the ideal boudoir of the Age of Flats, and half a library; by the ingenious insertion of a mirror the library is doubled and affords one of the most pleasing reflections the exhibition has to show.

One of the most satisfying rooms, which is not entirely a shop window, is filled with the many elegant shapes of modern glass, and above the cases the walls are painted with illustrations of the whole art and science of glass-blowing. It is a pleasing decoration, not without a touch of humour, especially in the figure of the boy who appears at intervals along the wall waiting for the master craftsman to complete the next operation.

#### The Plastic Room

In another corridor is the plastic room with oddly decorated walls, and having in one of its corners among the plates and dishes a case filled with small transparent objects which look like glass, but are in fact a product of resin prepared by the chemists of Imperial Chemical Industries. This very curious substance is slightly more transparent than a great deal of white glass. A long rod of it has a tiny picture at one end which can be clearly seen through the rod's two-foot length, an impossibility with ordinary glass. This resinous imitation glass is elastic, and can be dropped without breaking.

Otherwise this show of British art in industry is most remarkable for the tasteful decorations which set it off and in which glass plays a large part. There is much furniture of excellent design, fine silver and jewellery, carpets, and other fabrics, and, neither last nor least, a whole gallery of posters to show the industrial uses of advertisement.

## SHUTTING OUT TRADE

### How Peaceful Nations Make War

A peace which finds the nations shutting out each other's goods is of the nature of war, for it strikes at life itself.

We have felt this process less than other European nations because of our special claim upon the wide Dominions and Colonies of the Empire, which produce between them nearly every known material in abundance.

It is far otherwise with Germany. Hence her experiments in making substitutes for raw materials which she can no longer afford to import. These include petrol, wool, cotton, rubber, and (this is very important) fat.

Petrol is being derived from coal and lignite. Sham wool is being made from cellulose mixed with small quantities of real wool and flax. Artificial cotton can be produced from cellulose and hemp; an Italian success in this line is reported and will help Germany as well as Italy. Experiments in artificial fat are also reported.

Yet the world at large has an enormous surplus of raw materials. It also needs more manufactured articles than could be made by a dozen Germanys.

What is true of Germany is true of Italy and France. Increasingly these nations are finding it difficult to market their goods, and therefore to pay for the materials they need. The first need of the world is to restore world dealing. The ships wait. The materials are available—and dirt cheap because so readily produced. The truth is that the world is refusing to employ its own wealth.

## NEW WAYS WITH COAL

### Fuel Oil Success

### MAKING USE OF SMALLS

The Fuel Research Board reports that in 1933 one Home Defence Squadron of the Royal Air Force flew solely on motor spirit produced from coal, and in view of the satisfactory results a contract has been placed to cover the requirements of seven squadrons.

Also during the same period about 2000 tons of oil produced from coal were supplied to the Navy. The Research Board points out that large-lump coal selected by hand was formerly in great demand because it contained the least ash and was easy to handle. Great strides have been made in the purification and grading of small coal, however, and now over 77 million tons of it are cleaned every year in this country, either by washing or dry cleaning.

As a result there is an increased demand for small coal. This change in public demand, which applies both to domestic and industrial requirements at home as well as to export coal, has been fostered by many things. Among these are the increase in mechanically-fired furnaces, the utilisation of graded small coal by the gas industry, and the diminished storage accommodation in the modern house or flat.

#### New Factory on the Tyne

At Seaham Harbour a factory is being put up at a cost of a quarter of a million to extract the last ounce of the by-products coal and coal tar can offer to the chemist. Oil will be only one of them. The Coal and Allied Industries Company aim at pouring a stream of fine chemicals into the industries of artificial silk, rubber products, and other manufactures where they are indispensable.

The best news is that 1500 men will be employed immediately on construction, and when the plant is ready 500 tons a day of the coals that come to Newcastle will give another 200 men wages for handling them.

## WHITTINGTON'S STONE

### Where Dick Turned Again

The Whittington Stone is suffering from London's sooty atmosphere and a century of English weather. It ought to be renewed. So writes Mr P. L. O. Guy to The Times. He wants to raise enough money to erect a new stone, and to hand over the surplus to some London charity which helps discouraged youngsters to "turn again."

What, many people will ask, is the Whittington Stone?

It was probably once a wayside cross near the foot of Highgate Hill.

Here Whittington halted, as he tramped out of London without work or hope. There he heard the sound of Bow Bells, which seemed to challenge him to turn again. He took fresh heart, turned back, and conquered London. The rich merchant was three times Lord Mayor.

In 1795 the original stone, or stones, was removed. In 1821 some lover of London legends erected the present stone, which is surrounded by an iron railing and lit by a lamp at night. The inscription is almost unreadable.

Some people say that Dick never had a cat, that his fortune was made by a transaction called an *achat*, or by a merchant ship called the Cat. But nobody doubts that he was unsuccessful and despairing, and that he turned again and made failure into success.

That is why his story makes as good a romance as Cinderella's, and is told in *Pantomime* every year.

In these days, when there is so much unemployment and difficulty, his story has a special value, and Mr Guy is certainly right in wishing the Whittington Stone to be renewed.



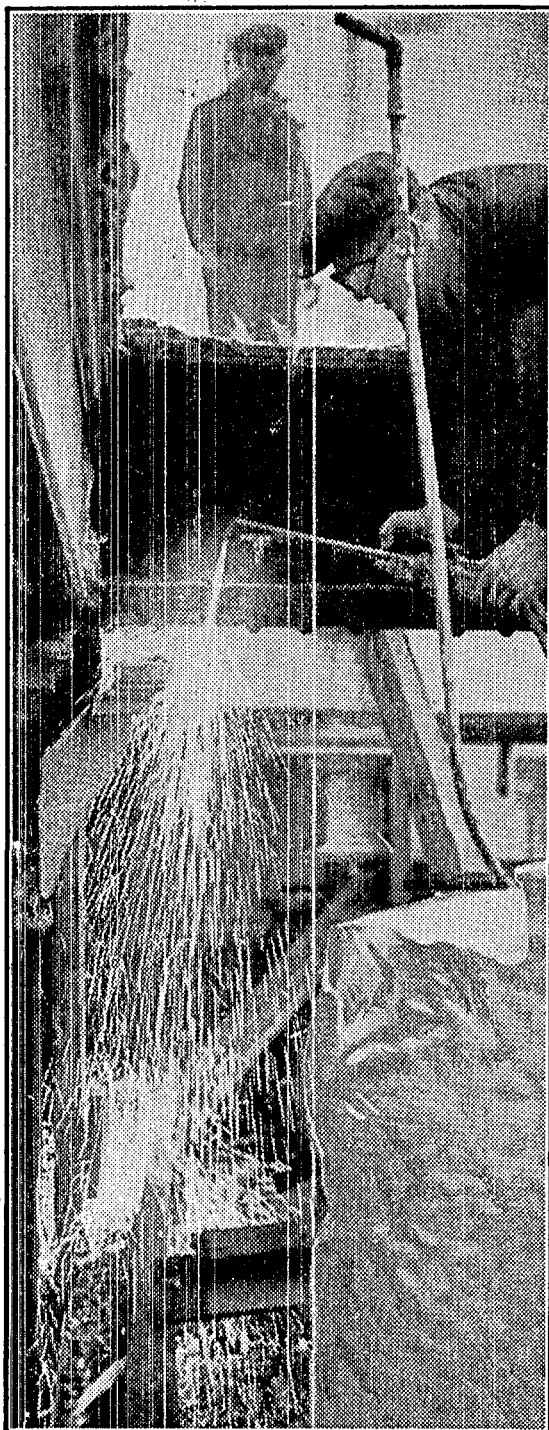
# WINTER SPORTS · CUTTING A GIRDER · NEW BOAT FOR OXFORD



Ice Hockey in Switzerland—A match between Oxford University and the Arosa Club.



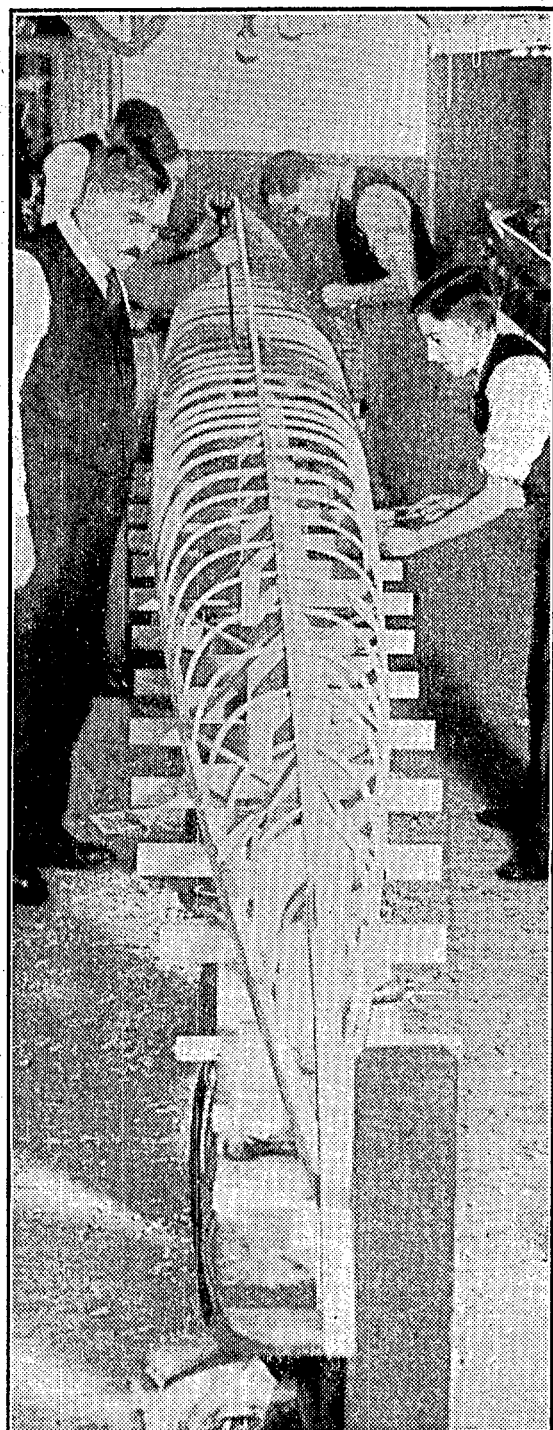
The Colours of Spring—Tulips grown under glass at Beaconsfield being boxed for market.



The Man With the Torch—Cutting through a huge girder with an oxy-acetylene flame in a condemned building.



The Snow Maiden—On the nursery slopes at St Moritz this little beginner feels safer with a grown-up pair of ski-sticks.



A Boat For Oxford—Building a special boat for the heavy Oxford crew in the famous Sims workshops at Putney.



# THE GOAL TO WHICH WE ARE MARCHING ON

*The thought with which we closed our talk last week was of the transformation of the will of God into the life of the world. Today we turn to thoughts of the things that stand in the way of the goal to which we are marching on.*

EVERYWHERE in nations there are the few who care and the many who have not the vision. The few give up their lives to great ideals; the multitude moves slowly and will not listen.

So it is that man's invention of society has so far failed; it has been founded in selfishness and not in patriotism. Organised man is behind himself. As men in crowds do things they would not do alone, sinking to the average level of the crowd, so it is with nations. Things that no man in a country will defend go on from year to year till time entrenches them, and familiarity breeds indifference in the national mind. The few who care, the shining lamps that point the way, can move so far and no farther, so fast and no faster. A great social power opposes them. In it are all the elements of private interest and mistrust, greed and fear and suspicion and jealousy, prejudice, ignorance, doubt, and the things that have stood in the way of the wise from the beginning of the world.

## Knowledge Kept Back

The few would build the millennium. They have within their reach the ideal for which the multitude is groping, but the great social power of the average man is in the way. He will not believe that sunshine and air will make him well when he is ill, but he will take some quackman's pill. He will not believe that we can stop disease when we like, but he will go on pitying those who have it.

*Nothing in the history of the world is more remarkable than the way in which the average man has kept back knowledge.*

The great foundations and conveniences of our modern life all came in spite of him. They fought for their existence as if they had been curses for the world instead of blessings. More lives have perished from prejudice and ignorance than from plague and war combined. For generations bigotry kept back brains from our English universities. It was not until the other day, as history goes, that a man who went to the village chapel instead of to the parish church was allowed to cross the threshold of our temples of knowledge.

## Obstacles To Be Overcome

The man whose thoughts were wider than a pulpit was gagged and treated like a criminal. The man who peered deep into Nature and found her secret of conquering pain was persecuted by the Church as an enemy of God. We cared more for a narrow creed than for healing, more for killing for fittes than for saving babies, more for fitting every brain into the same little box than for that boundless expansion and freedom of thought from which a nation's greatness grows. What might this nation not have done if men had put into nobler things the zeal they put into smaller things, if the nation had interested itself in good men half as much as it interested itself in bad men?

It is the selfishness of individuals, the indifference of society, that stands in the way. If selfishness can be overcome, the power within the grasp of man is past all measuring. It can open the gates of the millennium. It can sweep ignorance and disease and poverty from

the planet and make this Earth a realm of bliss. It will be done; it is to that goal we are marching on. It will be done when those great allies, Science and Society, set out upon that partnership to which all things are tending. It will be done when governments and men together seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness in the faith that all other things will be added unto them.

GREATER even than knowledge is faith; greater than the mind itself is the soul of man that will bring the nations righteousness and peace. He who set the worlds in space, who fashioned the Earth and gave it life, who led us out of midnight into the noonday sun, has sent into the world the Spirit of God Himself to be our guide. The power that nothing known on Earth can stand against, the power that never yet has known defeat since Christ refused to die on Calvary—what is it?

It is the power above all other powers, the power of the Creator at work in the soul of man. It is the power that stirs within us when we face disaster calmly for the sake of those we love. It is the power that moves a mother to the sacrifice that saves her child. It is the power by which men leap from trenches to die in a pitiless fire for the land of their fathers and the land of their children. It is the power behind the love of truth when truth means bitterness and death, behind the sacrifice of

time and wealth and ease for the sake of the friendless and the poor. It is the power that moves us when we dream of a world that shall be nobler yet.

The love of beautiful things, the love of pure minds and healthy lives, the generous beating of the human heart that we call unselfishness—what are they but the power of God Himself, and therefore the power that nothing else can break? Peace will beat war in the end as Good will beat Evil; Peace has beaten War all along and is winning the last fight fast; it will beat it because nothing on the Earth can stand against this power of the Spirit of God enshrined in man.

Think of the life of the Stainless Maid of France through all these centuries. Think of the dauntless Greek who bore his cross before Christ died on Calvary. Think of that Cross that stands far back in Time, dividing the ages of the world in two, so that there are countless multitudes of men and women who test the actions of their lives today by the thought that Calvary stirs in them, the thought of the life of a Man who was nearest God, in whose life on Earth, weighed down with sorrow and acquainted with grief, the Spirit of God was made manifest to men.

How great a host of the noblest men and women on this Earth would die for Him who died on Calvary! How great a host of lives the thought of Him sustains in trouble and pain from day to

day! How deep a faith, how real a loyalty, how more than brotherly a love, beat and live in the lives of rich and poor, strong and weak, young and old, men of all races and colours and tongues, as they think of a sinless life so long ago! Have you wondered what might have happened to the world if Christ had repented, if His courage had failed at the foot of the Cross? There is not in human history a parallel for this influence of the sinless life that shines like the sun above the shadow of the Roman Empire.

## The Greatest Power in the World

Caesar is a name, the Roman Empire is a shadow; and the greatest power in the world is the power of a single life lived in a distant colony of Rome, the highest manifestation on the Earth of the everlasting will of God.

Empires pass and mountains crumble, but the mind of man and the Spirit of God who fashioned it live through the eternal years. You would have laughed had you been in Rome in the great days of Caesar and been told that the power that would survive all others, that would live with the Forum in ruins and imperial Caesar turned to clay, was the power of a prisoner being tried for his life in a conquered province. It bore no sword and gathered no army, it resisted no evil except with good, but this power has come down through the centuries a living thing, with such sway over the lives of mankind as no flag, no king, no government, can command.

It is the working of this power in human life, the influence of the spirit of Jesus, that writes the greatest chapter yet in Evolution; it is the broadening of the mind, the deepening of the soul.

*Man is taking upon himself control of things incalculable.*

The full dawn of the love of humanity, the gathering-up and magnifying of man's mental powers, the feeling that he is greater than he knows, are leading him to heights beyond his dreams.

## The Way of Freedom

As the mind grows out and shapes the world about us, as a thought becomes a picture, or a piece of music, or the dome of St Paul's, or the Forth Bridge, or the B.B.C., so thought grows out in other ways and wins new powers over life and death. It is actually true that in the Great War men stood up in the battlefields with little tubes instead of guns and drove back death. It is actually true that conscious beings can now instantly affect the behaviour of matter ten thousand miles away. Wireless has come from that. The dominating mind of man, dominated by a Mind above him, is changing the face of the world and the conditions of life for generations of people not yet born.

But man with this solemn power is free to do good or evil. Evolution has chosen the way of freedom. The highest mind dawns slowly; the tiger and the ape are not yet dead in man. He is evolving them out of him, but they hang about him and break out as a tiger breaks out from its cage.

So man may stop or check the progress of the world. Evolution has come to depend upon us; our lives are weaving themselves into the future of mankind. The acts of our lives are the seeds of a harvest that others will reap, but it is we who determine the harvest.

*continued next week*

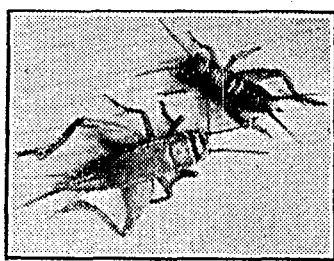
## NATURAL EVENTS OF NEXT WEEK



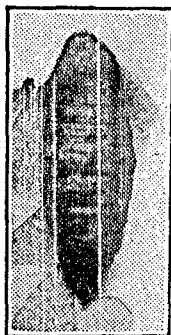
During winter river crayfish may be dug out of burrows which they excavate in the banks



Catkins of weeping hazel are seen



The song of the house crickets is heard in old farmhouses, the warmth of fireplaces keeping them awake



Chrysalids of poplar hawk-moths are common at the roots of poplars



Although the badger hibernates, a mild January will sometimes bring him into the open. He always appears at night



Water snails are found in little groups in mud or shallow water



The dandelion is a hardy plant which is often found flowering at this time



The berries of the Irish ivy are now ripening on this plant



In an unusually warm season we may often see the pansy in bloom just now



## B.B.C. AT SCHOOL TALKS ON MANY SUBJECTS BY PEOPLE WHO KNOW

The Brain as a Receiver and  
Transmitter of Messages

### PYGMIES OF THE MALAY FOREST

The new term of School Broadcasts begins on Monday. Here is our selection of the most interesting talks to be sent out next week on the National Transmitter of the B.B.C.

#### Monday

2.5. In the Gardening talks last term Dr B. A. Keen and Mr C. H. Middleton discussed soil, storing, rubbish, the planning of borders, and so on. Dr Keen begins this term with a talk on How the Seeds got into the Packet. Later talks will deal with the seed, how seeds are sown, then with the leaves and roots, and how the plant in its turn produces further seeds.

2.30. The Rise of Civilisation was the subject of last term's World History talks and the story stopped soon after the birth of Christ. At that time there were two great Empires, the Chinese in the East and the Roman Empire in the West. In Professor Eileen Power's first talk for the Spring Term she will have something to say about the reason why these two Empires never met each other.

#### Tuesday

11.30. Mr L. D. Gammans, formerly District Officer in Malaya, is to describe the pygmies of the Malay Forest in the first of the Regional Geography talks.

2.5. We are to hear about some Signs of Spring from Mr Richard Morse, who will tell us many interesting things to look for in the world of birds and plants.

#### Wednesday

2.5. Miss Rhoda Power has returned from America and is to give a talk entitled Canada or New France. The land was called New France because it was "as good and as temperate as France and in the same latitude," and it was Jacques Cartier, a Breton sailor, who explored it in the sixteenth century.

2.30. In the English Literature series Mr S. P. B. Mais will deal with biography, and somehow give the impression that this kind of writing is the most exciting there is.

#### Thursday

11.30. In the first of the talks on Cornwall Mr A. K. Hamilton Jenkin will describe the Cornish Scene, what the weather is like there at the present time, and will talk about the islands, streams, moors, farms, and lanes to be seen from a Cornish hilltop.

2.5. In the series on Tracing History Backwards Commander King-Hall will discuss what the Cabinet is and how it works now.

2.30. Receiving and Sending Messages in the Body is to be dealt with by Professor Winifred Cullis. She will talk about the nervous system, the brain and the spinal cord; and listeners will be introduced to the great brain, or Cerebrum; the little brain, or Cerebellum; and the Medulla, the bulb or stem which joins the great and the little brain and the spinal cord.

#### Friday

2.5. The first Travel talk, Brazil-nuts from the Amazon Forests, will be given by Mr Frank Collier. Brazil-nut trees usually grow to a height of 150 feet. The nuts are gathered and then shipped down to a port 800 miles up the river. There they are transhipped to ocean liners and carried all over the world.

#### WINSFORD WEAVERS

The children of Winsford School in Cheshire grow their own flax in a garden attached to the school. They spin the flax and weave it, and a variety of cloths woven by them has been shown at a meeting of teachers in Manchester.

## A LITTLE PUBLIC OPINION WANTED

An Export We Like To  
See Going Down

### THE CRUEL TRADE IN WORN-OUT HORSES

There is one of England's exports which we are only too glad to see down on its figures.

It is the export of poor, tired, worn-out horses.

Not all the horses we export are old, but the majority are, and they are only sent abroad to be butchered. They have a frightening journey, are sometimes brutally treated on the other side, and even their end is probably not merciful, for the humane killer is only beginning to be known abroad.

That is why we are glad to see that the number exported in 1933 was 3179, which is 473 less than the year before. But the International League against the Export of Horses for Butchery is afraid that this drop is only due to the general depression in trade, and the numbers may soon be up again.

That is why the League is doing all it can to get the Exportation of Horses Bill through Parliament, for this will do away altogether with the export of live horses for meat.

The majority of people in England are, of course, against this cruel trade; the majority of members of Parliament must be against it; it only needs the push of public opinion to get the Bill through.

### THE ROAD TRAGEDY A Winter Record

Frequency of death continues on the high road.

Week after week official returns show that men, women, and children are being killed at the rate of over 7000 a year and injured at the rate of about 225,000. In the week ending December 29 there were 187 deaths and 3860 persons were injured.

The latest facts are even worse than they appear at first sight, for they relate to the shortest days of the year, when many pleasure vehicles are withdrawn from use or used but little, and to a period of exceptional rainfall, which kept many cars in their garages.

The fact appears to be that all the remedies used evade the real cause—excessive speed. Even the forthcoming speed-limit (30 miles an hour in built-up areas) is itself excessive. When two cars approach each other at 30 miles an hour they draw together at the rate of 88 feet a second. When will this be understood and acted upon?

In the 42 weeks March 11—December 29 there were 6098 deaths, and 196,672 persons injured.

It is a misuse of language to call these casualties accidents.

### AN ENCHANTRESS PASSES FROM THE SEA

The old Admiralty yacht Enchantress, which is being dismantled in Portsmouth dockyard, has had a crowded and varied history since she was launched at Belfast 30 years ago.

Many weighty decisions have been made in her magnificent state rooms.

Her most famous treasure is her Visitors Book, which contains the names of many illustrious people and traces the history of her life.

The Enchantress is a yacht of 3470 tons. She had a gold and white superstructure, upholstered rooms with mahogany panelling, containing finely engraved ports and the coats-of-arms of many Sea Lords. Much of this panelling, the Visitors Book, and the fine Queen Anne and Georgian silver will be preserved in the new Enchantress now being built at Glasgow.

## HONOUR FOR A CATERPILLAR

A Memorial Hall  
in Queensland

### ENEMY OF THE PRICKLY PEAR

In Queensland a memorial hall is to be put up in honour of a caterpillar.

This step is justified by the caterpillar's services to the State, for it feeds on the prickly pear.

The prickly pear was introduced into Queensland through an enthusiastic horticulturist who admired the plant, and there is a story that a gardener was reprimanded for not watering it. But when this thriving cactus escaped from official care and took to the land it found its surroundings so stimulating that it spread over millions of acres, and for 30 years all attempts to eradicate it by poisonous sprays only served to drive it to new pastures.

Other means were tried, including plant parasites, but the caterpillar which feeds on it has been more successful than the rest.

The two halves of this story carry a warning. The prickly pear flourished because the place was so well suited to it. The caterpillar thrives because it likes the abundance of the prickly pear. But a time may come when this new-comer will have multiplied to an extent calling for new measures of restraint.

The memorial hall may then serve as a research station for getting rid of it. Every measure which interferes with the balance of Nature has its dangers.

### FEEDING BOB

By Our Country Girl

"Where is Bob?" asked the Country Girl.

Never before had she seen Dick without Bob, his treasured collie, who used to be given a penny and would go to the shop with it and buy a dog biscuit.

"I've found him a good home on a farm," said Dick. "I went to see him the other day. He's fine."

Suddenly the Country Girl felt ashamed of her tactlessness. She remembered then that Dick had been out of work for two years. He had a wife and two small children. Of course Bob—their beloved, clever, wonderful Bob—had to go.

"I had to get rid of him on account of over-feeding," said Dick unexpectedly. "You see I was out of work for a long time, and all the neighbours took to feeding Bob, all of them. He got real ill and had fits. The vet said it was nothing but overfeeding. He was being killed with kindness!"

Dick added wistfully, "Of course we miss him, and now I've got a job I should like to have him back. But it wouldn't be fair to ask for him. They've got fond of him at the farm, and it's better for him there than living in a town along of us."

The Country Girl knows the quarter where Dick lives. They are very poor people, and she is certain they did not overfeed Bob without underfeeding themselves.

Today even a dog's life is not so bad.

### A FLOOD OF LIGHT FOR REGENT STREET

Plans for celebrating the King's Silver Jubilee are going full steam ahead; or shall we have to say something like "full current strong," as electricity is so much involved?

Visitors from all over the country and all over the world will flock to London for the celebrations, and they are to be given an unusual opportunity of seeing a famous part of our famous capital. The Regent Street Association proposes to floodlight Regent Street every evening until midnight, showing up the dignity of its buildings, enhancing the glamour of that romantic shopping centre.

## "My Mother makes sure..



..that I grow  
big and strong

She gives me  
'Ovaltine'

A MOTHER'S wisdom is reflected in the health of her children. By making delicious 'Ovaltine' their daily beverage, the wise mother ensures that her children's dietary will provide all the nourishment required for physical fitness and sturdy growth.

Long experience proves that 'Ovaltine' is the supreme beverage for growing children. Scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt, milk and eggs, 'Ovaltine' is 100 per cent. health-giving nourishment.

Give your children 'Ovaltine' regularly at mealtimes and also at bedtime. Mark their rapid improvement in health, in energy and nervous poise. But be sure it is 'Ovaltine' and not an imitation made to look the same. There are extremely important differences.

Unlike imitations, 'Ovaltine' does not contain Household Sugar to reduce the cost. Nor does it contain Chocolate, or a large percentage of Cocoa.

Because of its supreme health-giving and energy-creating properties 'Ovaltine' is the most widely used food beverage in the world. Reject substitutes.

# OVALTINE

Gives Robust Health

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland  
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.



## THE BOY WHO WENT UP AN EMBANKMENT DREAMER

How Edward Hillman Made  
His Way in Spite of All

### A CAR FROM THE WAR AND WHAT FOLLOWED IT

The life of Edward Henry Hillman, ended the other day while he still hoped to have years of work before him in this world, was a continuous struggle to a success to which all the steps were cut by himself.

How often, as we pass some down-and-out sleeping on the Embankment, do we feel that there, with a little encouragement, sleeps a hero.

As a boy Edward Hillman slept on the Embankment; he never had a day's schooling, and he got his first job of binding brushes when he was a boy of nine. We are sure he bound them well; but, always willing to seek a new opening, he found it by enlisting in the Army and going to Malta as a band boy.

#### The First Step

The war raised this self-educated lad to the rank of a sergeant-major, but left him without any wish to continue a career that seemed to him without prospects. He spent his war bounty on buying a motor-car, not for pleasure but for profit, which he found in letting it out on hire. It was the first step on the upward path, the first rung of the ladder of commercial enterprise.

His profits went into a cycle repair shop, and when he had enough money he bought a motor-coach, and drove it himself, with his son as a conductor, between Romford and Chelmsford. He was a little before his time and the coach did not pay.

The many fail, the few succeed. Edward Hillman was the kind to wrest success from failure. He hung on grimly though he was sometimes hard put to it to pay for his petrol, and two years after he had run the Chelmsford coach he owned a fleet of 200. Even that did not satisfy his restless mind. He still looked upward and saw that while scores might make fortunes or lose them in motor-coaches there were not so many to try to gain them in aeroplanes.

#### A Fleet of Aeroplanes

So, undeterred by risks or the recollection of others who had failed, he sold his coaches and put his money into civil aviation. He started with a small fleet of aeroplanes running between Romford, Ramsgate, Margate, Broadstairs, and Clacton. When he owned motor-coaches he offered penny fare stages, when he ran aeroplanes he offered to take people at threepence a mile.

He had a quick eye for advertisement, and engaged Mrs Mollison as one of his pilots when he extended his plane service to France. He was over a fighter, and fought the Traffic Commissioners and the Minister of Transport about the licence of one of his long-distance coaches, winning his case.

His name will live as an outstanding example of one of the determined men who helped themselves.

#### JOHN CAESAR'S WATCH

They have been telling a pleasant story in Southampton.

A man fell off the Isle of Wight steamer into the sea, and a young man on the pier handed his watch to a pier official and then dived to the rescue.

It was a dangerous attempt, but he succeeded, and then hurried away to avoid being praised. Two days later he came back, for in the excitement of the rescue he had forgotten his watch.

That is how Southampton knows that the rescuer was John Caesar, 19, a son of the vicar of St Luke's, Southampton.

As a rule a watch tells the time; here it told its owner's name!

## THINGS WILL COME RIGHT MANKIND AND ITS FUTURE

The Way the Minds of Men Are  
Likely To Go

### TWO BIG IDEAS

By Lord Lothian

Lord Lothian, one of our deep thinkers, has been looking forward and telling us what he thinks of the probable course of events in the future. We take this from one of his speeches.

Many people seem to think man is going into decline and civilisation to decay. I do not believe that. Never has the human race been so vital and vigorous as today.

I am not at all dismayed at the wars, revolutions, and dictatorships which have appeared in the last 20 years. I see them as the struggle of outworn ideals and forms and the birth-pangs of a new and nobler age.

#### What Dictatorships Have Done

For the moment chaos seems to have snatched from mankind many of its recent gains, especially in the field of freedom. Fascist and Communist dictatorships have created tyrannies not only for the body alone but for the human mind, one in the name of freedom, the other in the name of racial solidarity and power.

I do not believe these reactions toward barbarism will be permanent. Already the signs are high in the heavens that the nations which have been faithful to liberty and the scientific spirit are making better headway through chaos and depression than those which have surrendered their thinking and freedom.

I believe there have already appeared two ideas which, when we have learned how to make them practical, will resolve difficulties. These are that humanity is a single family and must establish its unity by creating a world constitution and organising a world government; and socialism—not the programme of any Socialist party, but the idealism which seeks to repeat in the economic sphere the liberty and equality already attained by Western civilised men in the political sphere.

#### World Unity

The need of a world constitution and a world government, not to interfere in the domestic life of the nations but to conduct international affairs from the standpoint of the welfare of humanity, is obvious, and the benefits are incalculable. The difficulties in the way are infinitely less serious than the difficulties which will arise if we go on with anarchy, and with the wars, unemployment, and revolutions which world anarchy inevitably spells.

We are only at the beginning of the evolution toward Socialism—an idea destined to play as large a part in the future as democracy and individual freedom have played in the past. By far the most important thing, especially for those engaged in education, is to awaken and cultivate in the community the free mind, human progress, and the attainment of the immense possibilities now within our grasp.

#### POOR JIM

Throughout last summer Jim the Swan was a favourite with fishermen, natives, and visitors at Southend, Mumbles.

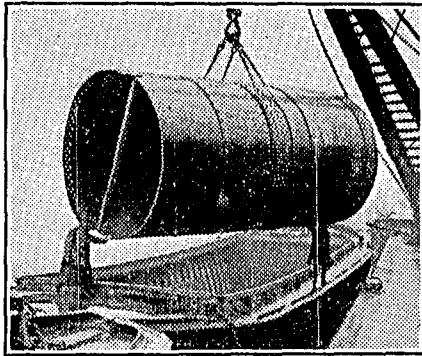
The children were great friends of his, and he of them.

None knew where Jim came from. He came and stayed. Inquiries were made far and near, but nobody claimed Jim.

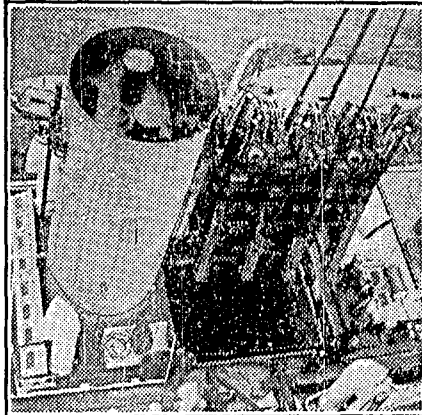
As suddenly as he came Jim went, and he left no trace anywhere, until three weeks afterwards a swan collided with some telegraph wires at Newport, Mon., 60 miles from Mumbles.

He was poor Jim. A scar on the web of his left foot was his identification mark. Jim is still waiting to be claimed.

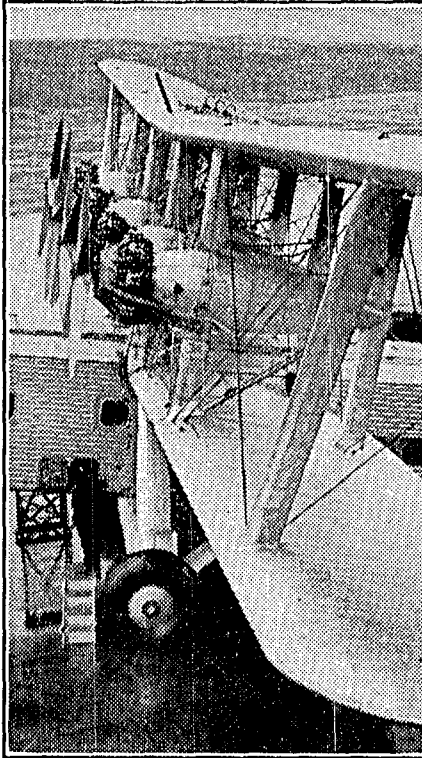
## WATERWAY, AIRWAY, AND RAILWAY



Loading on to a barge at Deptford an 18-ton boiler, one of eleven to make the journey by water to Kidlington in Oxfordshire



A huge three-cylinder block weighing 70 tons is here seen being lifted by a crane from inside the motor-ship Laguna in a London dock



An unusual view of the air liner Scylla which helps to maintain the new twice-a-week services to South Africa and India



The L.M.S. Railway is to spend £9,300,000 this year on major replacements and improvements, which will include 287 locomotives and 600 passenger coaches. Here is a scene in the company's railway carriage works at Wolverton

## HANDS ACROSS THE IRISH SEA

### GOODWILL BEGINS AGAIN

A Common-Sense Idea About  
Cattle and Coal

### 5000 MEN FIND WORK TO DO

Ireland and England have exchanged one of the best gifts any two peoples can present to one another, the gift of returning goodwill. It was more than time.

The gift takes the practical form of exchanging British coal for Irish cattle. We are to part with 1,250,000 tons of coal, which we can very well spare, and we shall employ 5000 miners in producing it. Ireland will send us in return nearly half a million cattle with which, having no market for them, she is sadly encumbered, and smiles will return to the faces of Irish farmers.

#### Tariff Barriers

But there is much more in this exchange than a good bargain. Everybody agrees that it is a triumph of common sense. For the last few years there have been tariff barriers between the two countries which are the height of absurdity, and they have not yet been pulled down. The English housewife cannot afford to buy good Irish butter or bacon because the import duties make them too dear. The Irishman has to pay twice as much for a pair of English boots as they cost in England.

In a word, ever since Mr De Valera and the British Government began to quarrel over politics and finance the Irishman has been biting off his nose to spite his face and the Englishman has followed suit. It is high time, as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman said on a famous occasion, to stop this foolery.

#### A Happy Omen

It is the commonest of common sense to stop it; but if this were all there is in the new agreement we should not be too ready to clap our hands over it. There is a great deal more. It is the first sign of goodwill that, like the dove bearing the olive branch, has appeared above troubled waters. This businesslike trade agreement will be followed by others. When an Irish dealer makes a bargain he shakes hands on it, and even if it is a hard bargain some glow of kindly feeling goes with the handshake.

These hands across the Irish Sea are a happy omen. We shall do well to make the most of it, for good feeling grows by what it feeds on, and we do not despair of a day to come when the Irishman and the Englishman will look on one another as a man and a brother.

### SIR OSWALD MOSLEY OF THE BAD OLD DAYS

In these days of law and order and multi-coloured shirts it is interesting to come upon a relic of the lawless times in which our forefathers lived. Here is a copy of a printed notice read out by the town crier of Manchester over 100 years ago. We have sent it to the Sir Oswald Mosley of today, who is much amused by it.

O YES! O YES! O YES!

Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart, Lord of this Manor of Manchester, in His Majesty's Name, strictly charges and commands all manner of Persons not to wear any Swords, Staves, Knives, Falchions, or any other unlawful Weapons, but that they, and every of them, be aiding and assisting to the Boroughreeve and Constables, and all other Officers, in suppressing all Riots, Tumults, and other unlawful Assemblies, during the time in which this Fair hath its continuance, on pain of the Penalties set down by the Statutes in such case made and provided. God Save the King, Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart, the Stewards, the Boroughreeve, and Constables of this most ancient Town and Borough of Manchester.

God Save the King!



## RACE BETWEEN VENUS AND MERCURY

### SATURN AS THE WINNING-POST

What is Happening To the New Star

### CHANGES OF COLOUR

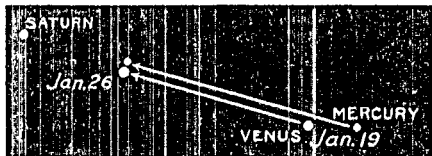
By the C.N. Astronomer

What will appear to be a celestial race between Mercury and Venus may be seen during the early evening in the next two weeks. Both these worlds are travelling in the south-west sky toward the left. At present Venus is ahead of Mercury, which is about four times the apparent width of the Moon to the right or west of Venus.

Mercury will be seen gradually to draw nearer to the retreating Venus until, by Saturday evening January 26, he will overtake her. Mercury will then be no more than the width of the Moon above her. Though Mercury is not easy to find in a twilight sky and amid lingering sunset hues Venus will be readily recognised by her brilliance.

The best time to begin to look for Venus will be about five o'clock, when the twilight will have deepened. Mercury is not likely to be perceptible until a few minutes later, field-glasses being a great help in finding him. They may be best observed from then until about 5.40 p.m.

The accompanying diagram shows the relative progress of each world during



The paths of Venus and Mercury next week

next week. Thus the race may be visualised and their relative positions on the different days estimated. Their nearness to one another is actually the case, though accentuated by perspective, and whereas Mercury is at present about 125 million miles away from us Venus is about 145 million miles, while the two planets themselves will be between 25 and 30 million miles apart.

An interesting addition to the group will be the planet Saturn, which may be seen a little way to the left of Venus, at a higher altitude and about twenty times the Moon's width away at the beginning of the week, but only about eight times at the end. Thus Saturn will be a sort of celestial winning-post in this Mercury-Venus race; they will both pass this Saturnian winning-post on January 31, and it is a foregone conclusion which will get there first, since Mercury is doing about 28 miles a second to but 22 of Venus.

The so-called new star Nova Herculis has continued to fluctuate in brightness, but at the time of writing has faded considerably. These fluctuations, with their accompanying changes of colour from brilliant white to reddish hues, represent remarkable changes in the star's spectrum. This reveals what is taking place on the star.

### A Terrific Explosion

So far it has been found that a terrific explosive outburst took place, the eruptive forces carrying the star's material upward and outward in the form of flaming gases at speeds of between 300 and 400 miles a second.

These gases are seen to be composed of elements, metallic and otherwise, with which we are familiar on Earth; at first they were in a state of white incandescence, but then they gradually changed with occasional intermittent outbursts into a reddish glowing mass with the reduction in temperature, the state to which the star has now reached.

This usually continues to expand, as revealed by other Novae, until the original star is enveloped in a vast nebulous mist.

G. F. M.

## POLLY BOY AND HIS PLAYTHINGS

### The Grey Parrot That Scared a Burglar

### A SONG FROM AN OPERA

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The new baby camel, whose birth on Christmas Day was referred to last week, is the first Arabian or one-humped camel to be born at the Zoo for many years. He is an engaging youngster with long legs and nothing but a tiny curve where his hump should be, and as he is clad in a thick cream-coloured woolly coat he is rather suggestive of an elaborate toy.

About six years ago Daisy, the Bactrian or two-humped camel, became the mother of the first baby camel to be born at the Zoo for over twenty years, and her son became a great pet. Unlike Daisy's son, however, Noel will never be trained to give rides to visitors, because, although the one-humped animal is the swifter, he walks with too pronounced a motion to be a comfortable mount.

The mother of the Zoo's Christmas baby is one of a pair of Arabian camels purchased last May.

### The Best Talker

Another attractive new inmate is an African grey parrot known as Polly Boy. The grey parrot is the least decorative member of the parrot family, but he is the best talker and the most intelligent, and Polly Boy lives up to this reputation. He is estimated to be at least forty years of age, since he has lived as a pet in six different households and one of his owners had him for thirty years; and he has obviously made the most of his time and opportunities.

He arrived at the Zoo with luggage consisting of several empty cotton reels and a few thin bones, and these articles are his playthings. When left alone he amuses himself by whistling as he threads the bones through the holes in the reels.

### Good Manners

If he hears anyone whistling Boys and Girls, Come Out to Play he at once begins to dance, but when he whistles himself he gives a rendering of a song from the opera Aida. He also blows a policeman's whistle, which is a less pleasing but useful accomplishment, since he once accidentally scared away a burglar by blowing it.

His manners are good as a rule, for he shakes hands with his right foot; and if he approves of his visitor he kisses the fingers he is holding by placing them between his beak and making no attempt to bite.

If, however, his visitor treats him with a marked lack of respect and tweeks his tail, then Polly Boy becomes angry and seizes an opportunity of giving a nasty bite.

## THE WHALES MIGRATING

### News From the South Seas

There have been more reports of ships colliding with whales off the New Zealand coast recently than for many years.

Scientists explain that during the last few months of every year the whales are migrating south from the tropical regions where the young have been born. Whales do not live in Polar seas all the year round. In the South Pacific Ocean it has been noticed that whales migrate to the Antarctic waters during summer, usually in November, and stay there until the end of March, when they come into the warmer waters of the tropical Pacific for the winter months of the southern hemisphere.

Some of these whales skirt the coast of New Zealand during their migrations, and are captured by whaling parties who operate motor-launches from the bays.



'nk you!

When will that boy learn to say 'thank you' properly . . . ! But bless his heart, what time is there for manners when you're choosing a Rowntree's fruit flavour. It's like letting a boy loose in an orchard in August. You just buy some yourself and then you will see.

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# THE RED LIGHT

## A Mystery Story

### By John Mowbray

#### CHAPTER 51

##### Looking Back

HARBOUR helped himself to a fresh slice of toast, and inquired how Jephthah had collared Dunstable.

"Well, you see, I had instructed Jephthah to be on the look-out for him."

"Why should he?"

"Because, as I told you, I had a score to settle with Dunstable."

"No, I mean," said Harbour, "what made Jephthah do as you told him?"

"Oh, let that pass for the moment," was the response. "At any rate, that's how it happened. Jephthah first lured Dunstable into that clump of trees behind the pavilion and then to his shanty, where he kept him while he sent his dog to the telegraph office at Greeme with a telegram and a shilling—"

"The dog took the telegram!"

"In a little wallet attached to its collar. Old Jephthah often sends it that way on errands."

"And the telegram was to you?"

"Yes; at Mynton Pool. Directly I got the wire off went Pierre and his man in the car, and back they came with Dunstable before midnight. Dunstable was in a blue funk; not a bit," smiled the young man, scanning Harbour's broad face, "like some absurd young tough-sides whom I might mention. No! Dunstable was shivering like a mouse."

"You told him what was coming to him?"

"Straight there and then. He almost blubbed; he was terrified that they'd expel him. If they do that's your look out, I said savagely. (I really had good reason for getting one back on the chap.) But if you're half a man, I said, you can try Crittall's dodge."

"I lay he gaped at that!"

"He did, when I had explained. He said no one had ever suspected Crittall was shamming. So I told him that if he wanted to save his skin he'd have to try the same wheeze. He said he could never do it."

"That's your affair, I informed him. I don't care a couple of hoots myself what you do. But you're certainly coming for a cruise with me, Dunstable. So we bundled him down to the boat in a couple of ticks, and had him put aboard the yacht before he could help himself!"

"Then you didn't bring him here?"

"To this hotel? No. Pierre and the chauffeur dropped him by the jetty steps."

"Did you think he was equal to keeping up the lost-memory stunt?"

"I doubted it. But that didn't matter to me, because I was standing by to own up to my share," the very young man replied, with a frank laugh. "But bear in mind that Dunstable started with the handicap all in his favour, whereas young Crittall had had to start from scratch, so to speak."

"You mean Crittall paved his way for him?"

"Exactly. After Crittall the dodge was much easier, much more likely to be believed."

"Yes, I see that," Harbour admitted.

"Moreover," added the kidnapper, stressing his point, "both Crittall and Dunstable had a jolly good ally—the general belief in something queer about Bodlands. Knowing what queer things were supposed to have happened in the place, the Head and everyone were ready to believe that queer things might happen still."

The young man rose. "Well," he said, "today's Sunday. In my wire to Bodlands last night I said you'd show up again tomorrow." He went to the window and pointed. "Just look how the sea's dancing and look at all that luscious blue sky! I'm going to give you a day on the water. A Present For a Good Boy. Eh? For his pluck, Harbour."

"But—" Harbour began, as he joined him at the window. "But I want to know first why you sent me that letter to the school and how you discovered that I was on the warpath?"

"Simple as A B C," was the jubilant answer. "My eyes and ears at Bodlands have been old Jephthah. He spotted you when you were nosing about the slate quarry. Next he heard how you'd calmly disappeared for two days. So he sent word that he thought you were up to something."

"And you thought—"

"I thought at once what a first-rate young sportsman you were, and I made up my mind there and then to whisk you away and give you a jolly good time. How splendidly that would round up the business, I thought. I couldn't resist it." The young man laughed happily and a world of mischief shone from those reckless blue eyes

"So that's why you sent me your Try again, Mr Clever?"

"Yes; I reckoned you'd accept my challenge all right."

"If I hadn't done?"

"I was giving you three or four days; and then I was toddling along to the school."

"In order to bag me yourself?"

"Not much!" grinned the other. "You would have had your chance and lost it, my man; I shouldn't have troubled my head about you again. What I should have done was to ring down the curtain by buzzing along to tell the Head the whole thing."

"I see," conceded Harbour, unwilling to budge yet, and only too conscious that in fact he "saw" very little. "No, there's a lot you ought to explain to me," he protested. "I still want to know what made Jephthah do as you told him?"

"You mean Jephthah wasn't any servant of mine?"

"And therefore how could you go ordering him about?"

"Ah!" smiled the young man. And then, "well, to tell you the truth," he said, "old Jephthah is—er—sort of—er—grateful to me for something. He thinks I did him a good turn once. Never mind that."

"Then there's Senex," Harbour persisted. "Was Senex in your secret as well?"

"That old crackpot! Not by any means," laughed the young man.

"I see," Harbour uttered again. But his face remained puzzled. "And you haven't told me what made you carry off Crittall?"

#### CHAPTER 52

##### Lunch For Two

HIS companion waited a moment, regarding him quizzingly. "You want to know, Harbour, do you, why I borrowed friend Crittall?" he said.

"Of course I do. Naturally."

"Very well, then. But can't you wait till we get back to Bodlands?"

"No," said Harbour, "I can't. If we're going on the sea I'll be wondering all the time what made you bag Crittall, and be pestering you, too, so you'd much better tell me beforehand."

The young man pondered. "Oh, all right," he pronounced with a jerk, and

steering Harbour fully into the light he held him there while their eyes met. Nor did either pair of eyes drop while the young man was speaking.

"Harbour," he said, "the moment you saw me you knew me?"

"I recognised you. Yes; that moment," owned Harbour.

"You didn't funk me as soon as you recognised me?"

"No," said Harbour.

"You knew why I was expelled?"

"Yes, Liatt," breathed Harbour.

"Was everybody saying it served me right, Harbour?"

"I don't know," said Harbour.

"The particulars didn't go round?"

"No, Liatt," said Harbour.

"So I gathered from Crittall. It was hushed up, he told me. The Head instructed everyone to forget it?"

"Yes, Liatt," said Harbour again.

His companion's face clouded. "But I didn't forget it," he cried. "I didn't forget it, Harbour, and I never shall." And for a moment there fell a silence between them, and Harbour turned his eyes away in his embarrassment. So strange it had been at first, and now so uncomfortable, to be brought face to face with this Old Boy, who had been removed from Bodlands last winter term, and, much as the Head's suspicions had veered toward accomplices, had taken his punishment without murmur or word.

His misfortune had been hushed up, as Harbour had told him. But it flashed into Harbour's mind at this instant how the seniors in discussing the flight of Arnold and Birkin had once or twice let drop some vague allusion to Liatt—"Don't forget Liatt," they had whispered, but found no connection or link. So now Harbour wondered whether Arnold and Birkin were mixed up at all with this mystery. For it all remained so mysterious still in his mind.

Then Liatt, feather-brained Old Boy under a cloud, always notoriously hard-up in his time at the school but now seemingly with all the money he wanted (that again astonished Harbour exceedingly) came out of his fit of brooding and gripped his guest's shoulders in a tight, nervous clasp.

"Harbour," he said, "can't you make a fairly good guess whose money it was that I was supposed to have stolen?"

## JACKO DOES HIS BEST

THE Jacko Family were not at all pleased with the people who had come to live next door.

To begin with, whenever Jacko felt particularly happy, and consequently made rather more noise than usual, there were indignant knockings on the wall.

Mother Jacko did not regard these protests as at all unreasonable, but what she did object to was the way they hung out their washing. "Not on a Monday, like decent people," she said. "Oh, dear,

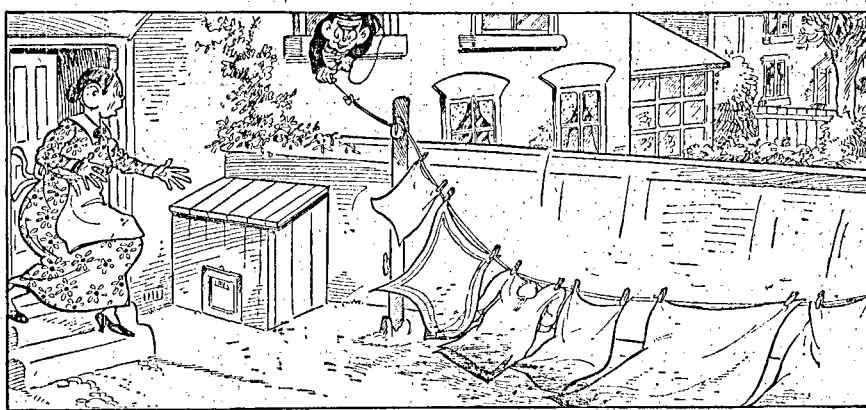
Mother Jacko's spirits went up. "Now she'll have to take them in!" she exclaimed triumphantly.

But still the clothes hung on the line.

And then the rain stopped and the sun came out.

No one saw Jacko creep quietly out of the kitchen and run out into the garden. Or heard him come into the house again, and dart upstairs.

Meanwhile the lady next door, had also noticed that the rain had stopped.



Another shake and they were all down on the ground

no! But nearly every day in the week. I only hope," she added, "that they won't put anything out tomorrow!"

For Mother Jacko was giving a little tea-party, and of course she wanted the place to look its best.

But, alas! directly after breakfast out trotted their neighbour with a great armful of white linen.

Mother Jacko was so vexed that her face puckered up like Baby's when he was going to cry.

However, long before tea-time it began to rain. And as the rain came down

She smiled at her white linen drying so nicely in the sun and the breeze.

Suddenly she started and rushed to the door. Surely her line was falling!

She heard a chuckle, and looked up.

It was that horrid boy next door, with a string in his hand. It was tied to her line, and, horrors, he was shaking it loose! Another shake—and all her beautiful clean clothes were lying in a heap on the muddy ground!

Jacko declared he couldn't understand why his mother was so angry with him after all the fuss she had made.

Harbour shook his head blankly.

"It belonged to a youngster who has proved he can keep a still tongue."

Then Harbour saw light. "It was Crittall's!" he cried. "It was Crittall!"

"You've hit it," Liatt replied in a grave voice. His manner had changed entirely. Shame looked from his eyes.

"But did you take Crittall's money?"

Harbour ejaculated.

"I did," said Liatt. He straightened himself. "And I didn't."

"I don't understand that," breathed Harbour.

"I took it all right. But I shouldn't have taken it if—" Liatt bit the rest off.

"Oh, that's a long story," he winced. "And it hurts a bit, Harbour. So if you don't mind—"

"Oh, I don't! Do let's drop it!" cried Harbour.

"It will wait till we see the Head," said Liatt more cheerfully. He strode to the door. "Come on!" he said. "Now for the boat. Can you sail a boat?"

"No," laughed Harbour.

"Then I'll give you a lesson. I'll take my man with us, and we'll take our lunch, too, Harbour." He clapped his hands and the waiter came pattering up eagerly. "Simmons, the stoutest luncheon that the hotel can put up," Liatt bade him, "and send that page boy down to the jetty steps with it, Simmons. Cold salmon, Simmons, and lobster, with lashings of salad and mayonnaise, and, let's see—yes, a veal-and-ham pie, and any amount of ginger ale. That suit you, Harbour?"

"Down to the ground!" said Harbour.

"Then get a move on, Simmons!" Liatt commanded.

"Immediately, sir; immediately!" chirped the old waiter, yet lingering until he caught Harbour's eye. "Shall I put in any, ah, spiders and flies, sir?" he whispered. Then off he sped on his errand, chuckling.

#### CHAPTER 53

##### The Letter

IT was daybreak on Monday. With the same chauffeur at the wheel and Harbour bobbing from window to window they were speeding back to Bodlands, Liatt having telegraphed that he was coming as well and that they would drive direct to Mr John Gravesend's.

Harbour liked this odd fellow. He was drawn to him.

So Harbour might have been pleased had he overheard a remark the Head made to John Gravesend while they were waiting. Both looked relieved. Mr Mason particularly so.

"I admit I have felt much easier," he was saying, "since Liatt's second telegram yesterday. Liatt had his good points, Mr Gravesend. He was eccentric, just the sort of harum-scarum to be carried away by any extravagant whim; and, of course, I had no option but to remove him. Yet I could never quite rid my mind of the impression that others were shielding behind him."

"I remember," said Mr John Gravesend.

"Well, now. You recollect that the other day I wrote to Arnold regarding that report that he'd been seen by night in his former study? His answer arrived this morning. Shall I show you it?"

"No, the gist will do, thank you."

"Arnold's home is not very far from here. He admits that two nights running he broke into his old study for something he'd left behind. The first night those youngsters disturbed him; the next he succeeded. It was a letter from Liatt!"

"Ah! Now we're growing warm!"

"We are indeed. Arnold confesses that he and his friend were concerned in the theft from Crittall. They had hardly got back in January, he explains, than they received this letter from Liatt, threatening them with exposure unless they owned up. They were given three days to reply. Instead they ran away."

"Ah, you had warned the school, as I recollect, that any accomplice in the theft would share Liatt's fate."

"I had. On the heels of that, Liatt's letter drove them away. For they couldn't stand being branded as thieves. So they thought they'd remove themselves—before I removed them."

"Not unnaturally!" growled the old gentleman. "In their hurry I suppose they had left Liatt's letter?"

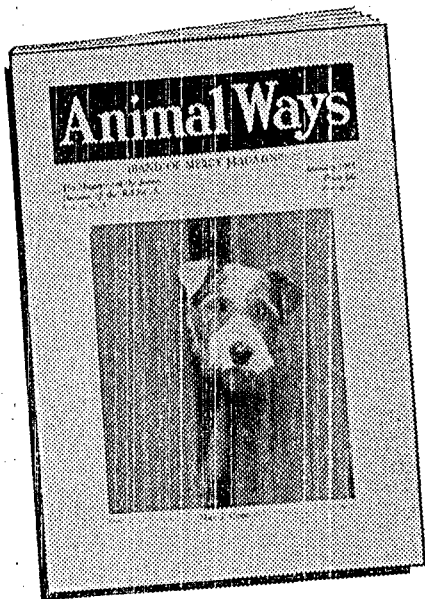
"That's just it. Being terrified of carrying it in their pockets, they had hidden the letter under the linoleum in their study. When they'd got away they remembered how it would incriminate them, how its discovery would leave their names under a stigma, so finally Arnold decided to try to recover it. . . . But here's their car just turning in at the gates."

TO BE CONCLUDED



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## RECIPE.

½ lb. Self-raising Flour, or ½ lb. Plain Flour and teaspoonful of Baking Powder. ¼ lb. of Shredded 'Atora.' Pinch of Salt.

Mix the ingredients with the flour, then rub in the 'Atora.' (In cold weather the Suet should be slightly warmed before using, but not melted). Add enough water to make a stiff paste, roll out thin, and spread over with jam or marmalade. Roll over (sealing up ends by turning them in), damp edges and pinch together. Bake for about ¾ hour in a greased tin. Serve hot. Sufficient for 6 persons.

This inexpensive recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from Hugon & Co., Ltd., Manchester.

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## THE BRAN TUB

### How Much?

I AM going to sell these screws a penny a dozen cheaper (said the shopkeeper to his assistant), so in future you must give one more for a penny.

What was the new price a dozen?

Answer next week

### The Seasons

THE teacher asked the class how many seasons there are.

"Two," replied Fred, whose father kept a shop.

"What are they?" demanded the teacher.

"Slack and Busy," was the reply.

### Double Word Square

O V A.  
V A L.  
A L S.

R E A  
E A R  
A R T

PRINT the name of an animal in the horizontal line represented by dots and the same name in the vertical line represented by dots. This will complete a continued word square in which all the words reading from left to right will read the same downward. What animal is it?

Answer next week

### Why the Sun Goes South

AN old Negro asked his friend why the Sun went South in winter.

"Can't say, ol' friend," was the reply, "unless he can't stand de cold weather in de North and so goes South where it is warmer."

### Riddle in Rhyme

IN Amsterdam tis common,  
Yet Holland wants it still;  
It's on every moor and mountain,  
Yet not on any hill.  
It never was in Italy,  
But yet in Rome appears;  
It comes in every minute,  
Yet not in twenty years.

Answer next week

### Let On Parle Français



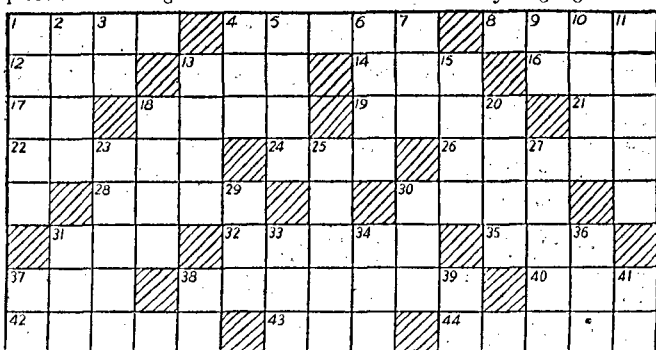
Le robinet Tap La tarte Tart La cible Target

Elle oubliâ de fermer le robinet.  
On a servi une tarte aux pommes.  
Cette flèche a atteint la cible.

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

Asterisks after certain clues denote abbreviations. The answer will appear next week.

**Reading Across.** 1. A cliff. 4. Crowns a church. 8. Inclination. 12. Not in. 13. The ocean. 14. A stupid fellow. 16. An industrious insect. 17. You and me. 18. Disseminates. 19. To travel by wagon. 21. In the direction of. 22. Table utensil. 24. Place visited for its mineral waters. 26. A caper. 28. A tale. 30. To develop. 31. A seed. 32. To imprint. 35. A pointed extremity. 37. Female of the hart. 38. Belief. 40. To rest in a recumbent position. 42. A narrow piece of something. 43. To incline the head. 44. A young night-bird.



**Reading Down.** 1. Salt pickle. 2. A projecting point. 3. Denotes contiguity. 4. To unite with needle and thread. 5. A way between mountains. 6. A list. 7. Organ of hearing. 9. Indian Army. 10. Against. 11. Lineage. 13. A vocal melody. 15. Anxiety. 18. A cleansing agent. 20. A nautical mile. 23. A willow used in basket-making. 25. Musical instrument. 27. A ribbed fabric. 29. Poisonous snake. 30. General Post Office. 31. Cooking utensil. 33. Familiar metal. 34. Intervening. 36. This has a crust. 37. Royal Society. 38. A work. 39. Negative. 41. French for and.

## When Hunger Calls, With Noiseless Tread



When hunger calls,  
with noiseless tread  
The Tiger seeks  
his daily bread.

His daily bread, of course, is meat:  
He thinks an antelope a treat.



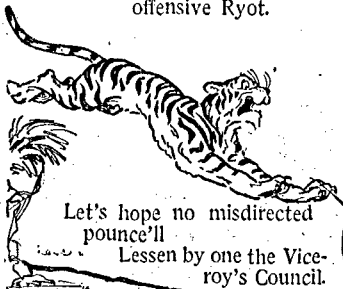
Sometimes, by way  
of change of diet,



He'll chase an in-  
offensive Ryot.



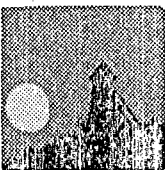
Or even (I've known it to  
occur)  
A Deputy Commissioner.



Let's hope no misdirected  
pounce'll  
Lessen by one the Vice-  
roy's Council.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Venus, Mercury, and Saturn are in the South-West and Uranus is in the South. In the morning Jupiter is in the South-East and Mars is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on Monday, January 21.



### Independence

BILL: And so you please yourself about hours in your new job.

Jack: Sure! I get in any time I like before nine and leave any time I please after six.

### He Makes Us Cross

Who often makes you cross—now say!  
And other people too?  
I met him only yesterday:  
A ferryman, tis true!

### Bees

A BEE lives for about four years. The queen bee lays about twelve times its own weight in eggs. It can lay as many as two thousand eggs in a day. The queen bee takes just over a fortnight to hatch. Unlike the wasp, a bee cannot withdraw its sting after it has struck. The sting breaks off, usually causing the death of the bee.

### Bunny's Bath



It's enough to make him cross  
and pout,  
Thinks Master Bobbie Bunny,  
To have a bath when he goes out;  
He doesn't think it's funny.

**Those Who Come and Those Who Go**  
How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to December 15, 1934, are compared with the corresponding weeks of the previous year.

TOWN	BIRTHS 1934	BIRTHS 1933	DEATHS 1934	DEATHS 1933
London	4678	4236	4069	4222
Manchester	967	804	752	875
Belfast	628	649	443	512
Newcastle	440	350	263	260
Swansea	189	180	156	199
Bournemouth	114	109	120	117
York	83	86	72	85
Cambridge	65	52	55	60
Worcester	63	52	69	53
Carlisle	60	50	59	54
Cheltenham	54	39	54	55
Bath	52	50	76	88

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Simple Sum For Father. Five shillings  
Six Letters. Warmth  
Built-Up Word. Te-le-gram  
A Post. Tennyson

## Postman John

JOHN had come in from playing and was taking his boots off when his mother called him and asked him to run up the lane to the post office to see if there were any letters for them.

On Saturday afternoons there was no delivery of letters in John's village.

"But, Mummy," protested John, "I've nearly got my boots off—and I want to show Uncle my new train." For John's uncle and aunt were staying with them.

"Never mind," said his mother, "it won't take a minute to lace them up again."

John grunted and groaned a good deal as he began to tie his boots.

"That looks to me rather like a postman's bag," said his uncle, pointing to Mummy's leather handbag.

"Well," laughed Mummy, "if you like, you may use it,



She gave him five

John. Sling it over your shoulder, and then you can put the letters inside."

"Perhaps there'll be one for me," said John hopefully.

He thought it was a little more interesting to have a bag on his back as he galloped up the lane. Mrs Toms, the postmistress, gave him five letters: two for his uncle, one for his aunt, and two for his mother, but nothing for him!

John was quite disappointed, but he slung his bag on his back and walked back, whistling like a postman. He banged loudly at the sitting-room door, and Mummy called Come in!

"Good evening, postman," said his uncle; "any letters for us?"

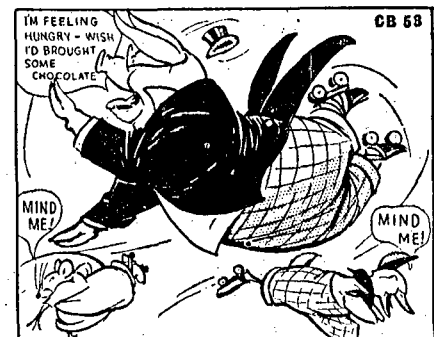
"Two for you, sir," said Postman John, handing them to him, "and one for you, ma'am," he added to his aunt, "and two for you, Mummy."

"Good! This is the one I wanted," said his uncle, "and," he added, diving one hand into his pocket, "as Christmas was not so long ago, and postmen always get Christmas boxes, I think I ought to give you something, postman!" and he put a new shilling into John's hand.

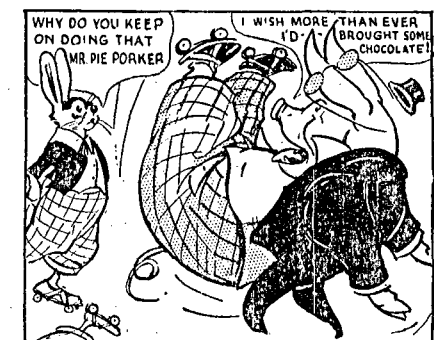
John's eyes sparkled. "Look, Mummy!" he cried, "I'll buy a real postman's bag and fetch the letters every Saturday!"

# THE CADBURY COCOCUBS

## Mr. Pie-Porker takes up Roller Skating



Pie-Porker thought he was getting too fat, so he bought some roller skates. "It's exercise I want," he chuckled as he fastened on his skates. Oh dear! Oh dear! He's off. Whoop! Bumpety bump!



Yes, Pie-Porker was getting plenty of exercise. There he goes again. Whoop-p! Wallop! He nearly fell on Willie Mouse and squashed him. Up again, over he goes. Crash! Bang! Bump! Wallop!



"Boys," he cried, "I've had enough exercise, help me home." Passing the tuck shop he suddenly cried "Who would like some chocolates?" "We all would," cried the Cococubs, as they rushed into the shop.

## All Boys & Girls love CADBURYS Milk Chocolate